SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 16.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY A. M.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can,
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea;
By purling brook or 'neath the stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel Death comes down,
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

NEARLY an hour afterwards, when the worst of the ghastly work was over, and a group had gathered round the rigid figure released at last from its durance, he was standing up in his place and looking down upon them. Some of the men remembered afterwards how he presently walked into their midst, gazed for a moment on the still face of the dead man, and then turned away with a strange wistful look, without a word.

One of the surgeons met him afterwards wandering along the wreck-strewn path, and after one look into his face, took him by his arm and guided him to the door of the village inn, which had already received several of the sufferers.

"I advise you to rest here as quietly as you can," he said. "I am afraid the place is rather crowded; but they may be able to give you a room. I will speak to the landlady."

"Thank you," the other answered, putting his hand to his head and looking back in the direction from which he had come. "But—my father! Did some one tell me he was—dead?"

"No, no," the surgeon answered soothingly. "Come in and rest, and I will inquire. Let me see; what is the name?"

A wounded man was borne on a shutter at that moment. He half raised himself and stretched out his hand.

"Mr. Mervyn! Is the General safe?"

"Mr. Mervyn—that is the name!" the young man exclaimed with a sudden flash of intelligence. "I must go back and look for him."

He had not far to look. A solemn procession was winding up the village lane on its way to the improvised mortuary in the church. Foremost in the ranks, leading the way in death as he had done in life, was borne all that was left of the old General. "A dead lion," as one of the men had said, seeing how the stern haughty lineaments, undisfigured by the instantaneous summons, were set in an iron inflexibility, unconquered even by death.

A dark red flush, fading instantly to a ghastly white, crossed young Mervyn's face as he recognised the dead man; he took a step forward, wavered uncertainly, and then, ere the surgeon could support him, he fell forward on his face, insensible.

"Take him to my house—to the Priory," directed a voice close at hand, as the surgeon bent over him; and the sad procession moved on.

"I am glad of that, Sir James," the medical man said in a relieved tone.

"This is a case for quiet and good nursing—shock to the brain—possibly some injury. And the inn is noisy and overcrowded already."

"We will take good care of him, Mr. Cooper," Sir James answered. And the surgeon knew he would keep his word.

It was late before the living were all cared for and before time could be spared for the dead. The surgeons and officials passed down the rows of still forms laid on the floor of the church, searching for proofs of identity, noting cause of death, and other things.

"I know this name," Mr. Cooper said when they come to the body of General Mervyn. "The son lies at Sir James's; the man-servant is at one of the cottages. Mr. Mervyn will not be in a state to give any instructions for some time. We had better take possession of money or papers."

He stopped to unfasten the dead man's great-coat, then stared, rubbed his hand in his hair, and beckoned to one of his colleagues.

The latter bent down, examined the corpse, exchanged an astonished word or two with his brother-surgeon, then rose and turned to the rest.

"There has been some strange work here!" he said. "This gentleman was not killed by the accident! He has died by—by—— In fact, he has been murdered! We find him stabbed to the heart by some sharp instrument!"

* * * * * *

At the time of the railway-accident—happening almost at its gates—Woodford Priory, the seat of Sir James Armstrong, was filled with Easter guests come to snatch a little rest and breathing-time ere the full rush of the London season swallowed them up again.

To this circle the sick-room in their midst was a centre of attraction, not only from natural sympathy and the interest of a terrible event which had happened under their very eyes, but also because of a whisper more sensational than the most exciting novel of the season, enveloping the still unconscious occupant of that sick-chamber in an atmosphere of mystery and gloom which Feena Armstrong—generally the speaker on all occasions—declared to be quite in keeping with the traditions of the place.

"Our ghosts and spectral warnings have all vanished before the matter-of-fact spirit of the nineteenth century," she said; "but that west wing"—to which, for greater quiet, the invalid had been relegated—"is haunted all the same, and always will be.

"Sir Godfrey doesn't walk in the pleasaunce any longer with his head under his arm, but his unavenged spirit lurks somewhere about, ready to work ill to any mortal rash enough to intrude on his domain.

"My heart misgave me when the poor fellow was carried there.

"I thought mischief would come of it."

"Hush, Feena!" Lady Armstrong called to her daughter. "Here is your father; you know he will not like joking on that subject."

"Joking, mamma! As if I were not perfectly, gravely serious! Papa"—jumping up to meet her father and coming back leaning on his arm—"what is the news? Have they made any fresh discovery? Have they given a verdict?"

"Idiots!" answered her father. "They are making a horrible mess of it."

Then he held out his hand for the cup of tea his eldest daughter Janet had poured out for him and remained moodily silent, to Feena's great disappointment.

Sir James Armstrong looked cross and worried.

He had come from attending the inquest held on the body of General Mervyn.

General Mervyn's son was the bosom friend and favorite "chum" of a certain Geordie Armstrong, the idol of the Woodford household, and Geordie had telegraphed from Aldershot—

"Glad to see from papers that Mervyn is at the Priory. The best fellow in the world. Take care of him and stick to him for my sake. Will come down as soon as I can leave."

After this message from his only son and heir, Sir James had heard evidence given at the inquest which had startled and unhinged him horribly.

He did not believe its inference; but then the jury might; and, to an impartial mind, the revelations were, to say the least of them, dubious.

A traveler who had been staying since the accident at the village inn, but who had now almost entirely recovered from the slight injuries he had sustained, stated that he had occupied the carriage next to that in which the deceased gentleman had traveled.

He had seen him enter it with a younger gentleman when the express train stopped at Eppingford Junction. He had since seen the dead body of the General, and knew him to be the same person whom he had previously seen as he had stated.

Almost immediately after leaving Eppingford his attention had been attracted by loud angry conversation in the next carriage.

The window being open, he could even hear what was said. There were threats, violent reproaches, violent language altogether.

He heard the speaker threaten to disinherit his companion—his son, as it was evident from what passed—if he persisted in an engagement of which the father strongly disapproved.

He said he would cut him off with a shilling—that he would do it at once—that very night.

After this the witness said that he drew up his window, not wishing to play the part of eavesdropper intentionally; but he could still hear loud and excited voices—two instead of one then. The dispute appeared to be a very violent one.

"Did this continue up to the moment of the accident?" he was asked.

"No; at Woodford Station, where the train stopped last, the noise next door to me stopped. A gentleman suddenly pulled open the door of the carriage in which I was seated, jumped in, and threw himself down opposite to me.

He was a young man, fair, and looked like an officer. He was the same young gentleman whom I had seen at Eppingford with General Mervyn. I saw him get into the carriage next to mine with the General."

"When he joined you at Woodford Station, did he look as he had looked when you first saw him at Eppingford?"

"No. He was pleasant-looking first time; I remember thinking what a handsome bright young fellow he was, and wondering if they—the old gentleman said he—were father and son. I took particular notice of them both. I don't know why—I suppose because I had nothing else to do but to look out of the window.

"And I was surprised to see so many passengers get into the boat-train at Eppingford. I heard afterwards that the slow train had been delayed by our accident at Folkestone; that we were taking on some of its passengers.

"I supposed the old gentleman was one of these. I know the young one was not; I had seen him on board the boat.

"When he dashed into my carriage in that sudden way at Woodford, he was quite white—with passion, as it seemed to me. He was panting for breath, and his eyes were flashing.

"You could see in a moment that he had had an upset with some one. He stumbled over my feet as he came in—I had not had time to draw them up out of his way—and he begged my pardon, short and sharp, before he threw himself down. Then he turned away his face and looked out of the window; but I could see his hand unclenching as he sat. Then came the accident.

"Our carriage was the one which stood still on the top of the incline. We got a tremendous shake; the door flew open, and I was pitched out and down the bank. I don't know what became of the young gentleman."

"After he entered your carriage, did you still hear the loud voices in the next compartment?"

"No; all was perfectly silent there. We were quite quiet in our carriage, and I noticed the change—the ceasing of the voices—at once. They had been rather a nuisance before."

"You swear positively that the person who entered your carriage at Woodford was the same whom you had seen with General Mervyn at Eppingford—who entered the next carriage with him there?"

"Yes, I swear positively."

"You have no doubt about it?"

"Not the slightest. I remarked him particularly. He is like a friend of my own, and I noticed the likeness at the time. As I said before, I looked particularly at both the gentlemen."

"Did you see any one else get into the next carriage at Eppingford?"

"No, no one else."

"Or at Woodford?"

"No; but it might easily have happened without my seeing it. Woodford is a small station. I did not see any passengers on the platform. Still there might have been some. My attention was distracted just then."

The station-master at Eppingford also remembered seeing the deceased gentleman and another, a young fair man, enter a first-class compartment together, and that there were no other passengers in the carriage with them. He had noticed the two gentlemen as the train left the platform.

General Mervyn had been much annoyed at the delay of his train—the 4-5 slow train from Stargate—in consequence of the boat-train being so late that day.

The general had insisted on being transferred to the express when it came up, as he was afraid of missing his train on into Hertfordshire if he went by the slow train to London.

The General's servant, who was carried into the witness-box, corroborated both the last witnesses. His master had met Mr. Mervyn at Eppingford—Mr. Mervyn was in the express train.

They had not met by appointment. The General had not intended to travel by the train.

Mr. Mervyn had seen his father at Eppingford, and got out to speak to him.

Afterwards the General and Mr. Mervyn traveled together in the same carriage. There was no one else in the carriage when he, the servant, put his master's rugs into it.

The General was very angry about the delay at Eppingford and "blew up" in consequence.

He did not see either the General or Mr. Mervyn after they left Eppingford until after the accident, when he saw Mr. Mervyn. He looked scared then. Did not think he looked worse than other people—everybody looked scared.

Mr. Mervyn and the general had words sometimes; the General was rather hasty in temper. Did not think that the General and Mr. Mervyn had more words than fathers and sons in general—perhaps not so many.

The station-master and officials of Woodford could give no information whatever. There had been very few—not more than half a dozen—passengers descending from and joining the train at that station, and nothing had been remarked in connection with the deceased gentleman.

The man who first discovered the deceased lying dead beneath the shattered carriage said that he saw Mr. Mervyn sitting on the bank above the place where the body lay.

He know him to be Mr. Mervyn; he had afterwards heard the doctor and Sir James Armstrong call him by that name. When he first saw him, he was sitting on the bank above the place where the old gentleman lay. He sat with his head in his hands, and did not come to witness's assistance when he called him to help to lift the body. The witness thought the young man was dazed by the accident; he looked "just stupid-like." He could see his father from where he was sitting.

A railway-porter gave evidence as to the demeanor of young Mr. Mervyn in the presence of his father's body.

He walked up to it, looked at it in a strange "unfeeling" sort of way, and then turned away. He looked and behaved, in witness's opinion, "like a man who had something on his mind." He did not speak: he seemed only anxious to get away as quickly as possible. It might have been that the accident had made him "queer," and that he did not know what he was doing.

Witness had been very much surprised afterwards to hear that he was the poor gentleman's son.

Another workman spoke of the agitation shown by the young gentleman when he met the body as it was being carried into the village.

He fell down in a sort of faint, as if he could not bear the sight. The witness had been one of the bearers.

He heard Mr. Cooper say that the young gentleman was the son of the old man. Witness did not know at that time that the old gentleman had been stabbed.

He was one of those who had helped to lift the broken carriage from off him. He was quite dead at that time. The young gentleman sat on the bank and looked on whilst they were working to get his father out.

He did not ask whether he was alive. He came and looked at him, but he was not at all "put out" then.

The medical evidence was conflicting. That the deceased had died, stabbed to death by some sharp weapon—a large pocket-knife or hunting-knife possibly—which had gone direct to the heart, was unquestionable. But, whilst one surgeon maintained that the wound could not possibly have been inflicted by the dead man's own hand, the other contended that there was a possibility which did not, he admitted, amount to a probability—a bare possibility—that the fatal blow might have been struck by himself. Passion was a species of insanity.

There had been instances known of persons, during a paroxysm of this delirium, laying violent hands on themselves.

The General was proved to have been a man of violent temper; the post-mortem examination revealed traces of irritation of the brain—explained in medical and therefore convincing language.

The last witness—Mr. Cooper—was the medical attendant of Sir James Armstrong, and Coroner regarded him distrustfully as the organ of the would-be dominant class, who would, in the interest of their order, try to hush up a matter of this kind and to throw dust into the eyes of the public.

The solicitor appointed to represent the son of the dead man handled the witness very skilfully, making the most of the bare thread of probability, and keeping his theory well in the foreground, so that the public mind was evidently a good deal impressed; and, what was of much more importance, the jury were visibly biased.

An officious member of the twelve caused a momentary revulsion of feeling by pressing the indiscreet question—

"Would it be possible for a man who had inflicted such a wound on himself to withdraw the weapon unassisted and afterwards to dispose of it?"

"It would be possible for him to withdraw it," Mr. Cooper maintained; and here his colleague supported him.

As for the disposal of the weapon, that had yet to be accounted for. In an accident such as had immediately succeeded the deed, articles became scattered and lost. Every day fragments from the sad wreck were being brought in from distant fields and spots apparently quite beyond the range of the catastrophe.

The scene of the disaster had been a thick wood, where a small article like a knife might lie concealed for months and even for years. The police had searched the neighborhood, but, as yet, without success.

Then the solicitor for Mr. Mervyn played his trump card in this unconfessed battle of silent inferences.

"In a small and confined space like a railway-carriage would it be possible for a second person, if present when such a wound was inflicted, to escape without traces of blood on his person and clothes?"

The surgeon considered that it would be impossible. The flow of blood would instantaneously follow the withdrawal of the knife, and it would be considerable.

In point of fact, the cushions of the carriage from which the deceased was extricated were saturated, as was the floor, and even the walls, when examined in the fragments to which they were reduced. The person—if any—who dealt the fatal blow must have been, in Mr. Cooper's opinion, covered with the rush of blood from the wound.

Sir James Armstrong's valet, who had attended Mr. Mervyn when he was brought to Woodford Priory, stated that the young gentleman's clothes were much soiled and discolored from mud, but that there was no blood upon them.

At this point Sir James Armstrong had interfered, as a magistrate and a power in the neighborhood, with a private representation to the Coroner.

The son of the deceased gentleman lay at his house, he stated, unconscious from the effects of injuries received in the accident. The young man had always borne a high character as a humane and honorable man, and suggestions of the most serious nature which affected him were being made whilst he was unable to meet them by the evidence which no doubt he could give to set them at rest for ever.

The inquiry ought not to be proceeded with until Mr. Mervyn—the person most concerned in the matter—could appear. Sir James requested that the inquest might be adjourned.

But the Coroner was on his dignity, and his dignity disdained suggestions.

He was what Sir James called "a mongrel-bred fellow," who has risen from a low position by sheer hard-headed industry, and whose sympathies were with the class to which he belonged.

He was a Radical—he called his party "Liberal"—and sternly bent on showing that even-hand justice should be meted out to the rich as well as to the poor—which in such cases generally means that the rich, having had it all their own way hitherto, shall have a little less than Justice by way of balancing matters at last.

Mr. Price therefore resented Sir James' suggestion, although it entirely coincided with his own foregone conclusion, and was arrogant and obstructive, by way of proving his equality with—if not his superiority to—the Baronet and his brother-magistrates.

And it was only after a struggle that the Coroner yielded, with a sufficiently bad grace; and, ill-humor being infectious, Sir James went home in a bad temper, and to a cold cup of tea, which, as he liked that beverage in perfection, did not improve his condition of mind.

Next day the newspapers fully reported the evidence given at the inquest, and the terrible whisper was spoken aloud through the length and breadth of the land.

CHAPTER IV.

THE west wing of Woodford Hall was all that remained of the old Elizabethan portion of the mansion.

Its strong stone foundations were set deep in the soft springy turf—thick and smooth as a velvet-pile carpet—which stretched out into the old pleasances and cedars and ancient yew-trees, cut still into quaint fantastic devices of peacocks with spreading tails, of balls and triangles and green heraldic griffins—the emblem of the house.

The chambers of the west wing were mostly small and low-pitched, and built inconveniently up and down flights of steps and at the end of long corridors, so that the more modern portions of the house were occupied in preference, and only such guests as especially desired quiet were lodged in the old Tudor chambers; and here was the sick-room of Tempest Mervyn so far removed from the bustle and stir of the great crowded house that one could fancy it miles away.

The blinds were all down to shut out the spring sunshine, and the light came in, soft and dim, through the green shades.

A little fire was burning in the grate; the gentle dropping of the ashes as they fell upon the hearth, the silvery ticking of a small clock in a quaint carved frame over the mantelpiece, seemed in no way to break the soft drowsy silence.

There was a breath of spring violets, a calm shedded repose, a dainty care and ordering over all which made one feel that it would be pleasant to lay down one's head on the lace-fringed pillows and rest from all the cares and toils of life for a space in that quiet sick-chamber.

But the occupant of the carefully-shrouded bed had lain all the days unconscious of these surroundings, white and silent as a lay figure of stone, only his regular breathing and the occasional quiver of the closed eyelids showing that there was life in the still form.

On the side of the bed next the door a curtain was drawn; and behind this, in a deep chair, watched a figure which might have stepped out of one of the picture-frames in the long gallery below, so like was it to some Puritan Deborah or Rachel belonging to the history of the house, save that there was by times a flash in the eyes of this calm damsel which belied the staid promise of her demure set lips.

Quietly as she sat there, her white hands flashing noiselessly as they moved swiftly, busied in some silent woman's work, upon which her eyes were bent, her whole demeanour composed, tranquil, innocent, there was yet a suggestion of power about her, a specious, subtle attraction.

She was young—a little past twenty perhaps—with all the softly-rounded outlines of youth and health about the slender supple figure and delicately-moulded cheek.

The straight brown-black hair was drawn back from the somewhat low forehead and gathered up under a white coif-like cap; two dark eyes, shaded by exquisitely-arched brows and long soft lashes, shone like stars out of their setting, and seemed to illuminate the clear dead-white of the complexion; the mouth closed in a thin crimson line over small teeth white as pearls.

The slight supple figure was draped in black, tightly fitting, nunlike in its severe outline and a white muslin kerchief was folded over the shoulders and knotted with a bouquet of purple violets at the bosom.

This was Christal Melville, an orphan niece of Sir James Armstrong, who had been brought up in his house as one of his own children. Feena had said of her cousin that she ought to be labelled "Dangerous." But Feena had not ventured to say this in the hearing of her father, nor, for the matter of that, in any hearing save that of her confidential sister Janet. Feena knew that her own opinion of Christal would not be indorsed or even understood by any one else, least of all by the men of her family; for even Geordie would be against Feena, on the side of Christal—Geordie who was Feena's especial "chum"

Sir James's feeling for his niece was a curious mixture of fatherly fondness and pride, and of that admiring homage which is in most men's bearing towards a young and attractive woman, whoever she may be.

"Christie is not like other young women: Christie has something in her," he said sagaciously when Christie had hung upon his arm, looking up into his face as they strolled up and down the terrace in the summer twilight, confiding to him her dreams and aspirations and her desire "to make something" out of her life.

Christie had deep tender eyes and a soft helpless way of placing herself in a man's hands, a flattering way of appealing to his superior judgment, and of so bewildering his intellect as to impress him with the belief that all the sensible suggestions and clever theories she might wish him to adopt had come originally from himself instead of from her.

In this way Christal had brought Sir James to consent to her going into training as a hospital nurse; and it was on the strength of this training that she had taken her place as assistant-nurse in Tempest Mervyn's sick-room.

She had been left in charge now whilst the nurse proper went down to the housekeeper's room for a chat and a cup of tea to relieve the monotony of her watch.

Sir James' tired worried face looked in at the door and softened a little as it looked. Sir James thought it was quite a pretty picture; and he was neither so tired nor so worried that he could not appreciate a pretty picture with a pretty woman in it. Christal put down her work and stole round the old-fashioned tapestry-work screen with a welcoming smile, a smile which seemed to say, "It was horribly dull before, but, now that you have come, I am quite refreshed."

The mantelpiece was a high carved oak structure with a narrow ledge at the top, on which the little travelling-clock which Christal had brought from her own room could hardly find room to stand.

The centre of the structure; and beneath those Sir James and the young nurse stood whispering to each other.

"There is no change," Christal said. "Mr. Cooper was here just now. He said we can only wait."

Sir James passed round the shrouded bed, bent over the fair still face, and came back again to the fire.

"The inquest is adjourned," he said. "I had a hard fight with the Coroner, but he gave in at last."

"I am so glad you succeeded," she whispered back, with a soft admiring look up from under her cap which seemed to say, "How strong and wise you are! You always do succeed!"

"If he could only speak for himself, we could quash the whole thing at once," Sir James said.

At that moment there was a little movement behind the curtains. Christal glided noiselessly to the bedside, smoothed the pillow, held the pulse a minute with her dainty little finger and thumb, then dropped the passive hand and stole back to Sir James.

"Estelle!"

They both heard it and started. It was a strange dreamy, far-away voice—a ghostlike voice, Feena would have said. Had it come from the ancestor in the flowing wig, who stood hand on hip looking down upon them from above the old black oak bureau in the corner?

"Estelle!"

The voice was more distinct now. Christal hurried to the bedside with a sign to Sir James to keep in the background still. The patient's eyes were open and seeking anxiously around, the fingers were moving over the bed-clothes. His glance rested on Christal as she came forward, then dropped, disappointed.

"Where am I?" he said presently, when he had swallowed the nourishment she held to his lips. "What does it mean?" And there was more of strength and of consciousness in his voice now.

"You have been ill," a soft voice answered; "and you are better now. But you must not try to talk just yet or to ask questions."

She soothed him as she would have soothed a child. Her voice was so soft, so sweetly modulated, that it acted like a spell upon him. That voice was one of Christal's "properties," Feena said.

The anxious searching eyes came back from the tapestry screen and the veiled window and rested upon Christal's graceful head and white cap.

"Estelle!" said the weak questioning voice. "She was here just now. I heard her speaking—her hand touched mine. Was it a dream? Could it have been a dream?" he murmured in a puzzled uncertain way.

"No one has been here but me."

"And you——"

"I am your nurse."

The eyes closed, the fair forehead puckered as if with straining thought.

"Something has happened," he said suddenly, opening his eyes again and fixing them on the nurse, who had seated herself now by the bedside and had quietly taken up her occupation of sewing again.

"Something has happened, I cannot remember what."

"Do not try to remember now," she said. "Somebody is dead"—knitting his brows—"killed. Was it my doing? I feel as if I—I—had killed somebody."

"Hush!"

The curtains at the foot of the bed were agitated; the nurse glanced warningly towards them. Then she rose and laid her cool hand upon the invalid's forehead.

"You have had bad dreams," she said gently, "such dreams as we have in illness. You must not think about them now."

"I remember," he murmured dreamily, as the touch of her soft hand lulled him; "there was a quarrel. I—did he strike me? He raised his hand, I know, and I—I—saw him lying dead afterwards; or did I dream it? You say I dreamt it."

"Try to sleep now."

"I—I——" The shadowed memory was searching, groping after some elusive clue which escaped it every moment like a Will-o-the-wisp. What if he should find it? The heart of the young nurse beat tumultuously beneath the snow-white calm of her fair features.

"Poor old boy! I wish we had parted differently," the sick man murmured as he let the fugitive link go, and sank once more into slumber.

This time it was more like natural sleep.

Sir James Armstrong beckoned to Christal as she turned away from the sleeping patient.

"For Heaven's sake keep that woman away!" he said, as he drew her beyond the screen in the corridor. "Make some excuse—say I will sit up with him to-night; send her to bed. Let us keep him in our own hands until he has come to his senses."

The eyes of the uncle and niece met.

"I will manage it," she whispered with a little nod, which was like the flat of Jupiter in the confidence it inspired. "He will sleep now. There is the dinner-bell. You must go; I will stay here. Poor uncle, how tired you look!"

"That girl has more sense than a dozen of her age," Sir James said as he hurried to his dressing-room. "Geordie asked me to stick to him, and, by George, I will! Poor fellow! I wonder——"

The Baronet started at a thought which forced itself upon him.

He thrust it resolutely away; for he was staunch and obstinate as his old Roundhead ancestor who had held the stronghold of the old castle against the King's troops whilst the rest of his patrimony smoked in ruins around it; and having once placed his credit and his name as a shield before his son's friend, helpless as yet to defend himself, Sir James would not give admittance to a disloyal doubt.

In the interests of his order, in the interests of friendship, he was pledged to carry him through.

And when did one of his race fail to redeem his pledge?

After dinner Sir James sent for Mr. Cooper and held a long private conversation with him.

"Would a man, after receiving such an injury as Mr. Mervyn's, remember correctly, on coming to his senses, the events immediately preceding the loss of them?" was one of the questions which Sir James put to the medical man.

"No," was the answer. "He would in all probability have lost all remembrance of those events. His mind would go back much further; the intermediate state would be a blank."

"Might it not retain a confused, broken consciousness of what had happened? Might not the first efforts of memory be to piece together the shattered fragments into the wrong pattern?"

"They might," the surgeon admitted, "but a total blank would be the probable stage."

CHAPTER V.

FEENA ARMSTRONG shivered and drew her light fleecy evening shawl about her head and ears as she ran past the oak door leading to the west wing, averting her eyes as she ran.

"There is something mysterious and uncanny about the air of the house to-night," she said. "Mr. Cooper has gone away with a supernaturally grave face. Christal has not appeared since luncheon. Papa looks not so much like a man who has seen a ghost as like a man who is afraid he may see one. I am horribly afraid of ghosts. Ah!"

At that moment Feena ran right into the arms of a tall figure advancing across her path, and shrieked aloud as she did so.

"Geordie!" she exclaimed the next moment.

"Yes," answered the young officer, "it is I. Why, Feena, you are nervous! What is the matter?"

"I don't know," panted his sister holding him at arm's length to make sure of him. "It is really you then? I thought it was Sir Godfrey taken to walking again!"

"Don't be absurd, Feena. Mervyn is lodged in the west wing, they tell me. I have got leave to come over and look after him. My father telegraphed to me from the inquest-room. I should like to punch the heads of two or three of those blundering country idiots. Our fellows are all furious. The Colonel and half a dozen of them will be down for the next meeting. Has he spoken yet?"

"I don't know," said Feena. "Geordie, it is horrible! Do you think"—in an awe-struck whisper—"he could have done it?"

"Feena"—flinging her arm aside, and

speaking in a tone which made her shake in her shoes—"do you think I could have done it? Do you think that we are cut throats and ruffians? Mervyn, dear old boy, there is a diabolical blunder somewhere. For Heaven's sake, Feena, take care of what you say! Don't let us have traitors in our own camp. If a man had asked me that question, I should have rammed it back down his throat!"

"How fierce you all are!" Feena exclaimed, rather feebly for her. "Who is this?"—starting again as Christal's long-drawn back outline appeared at the end of the passage. "Oh, it is only Christal!"

"Geordie!" exclaimed Christal, in her soft, welcoming way—"purring" over him, as Feena afterwards described it. "Oh, Geordie, I am so glad you have come! Now it will be all right. We want the nurse to rest to-night; and you and uncle James can sit up with Mr. Mervyn. The sight of your face when he wakes will do more good than anything else."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not in the Play.

BY PEROY VERE.

I DO not know when I began to love my little May.

I think it dated back from the time when I was an awkward college lad, and she a golden-haired little fairy, in short frocks.

As I grew older, I gave no name to the feeling which was growing with my growth until having graduated from the Naval Academy, and returned from my first cruise, I discovered May to be no longer a child, but a young lady, with a legion of adorers, who taught me my passion by the consuming fires of jealousy they awakened in my bosom.

There were moments when, for me, her voice grew tender—when a glance from her azure eyes would bring me delirious with happyness to her side; but there were days as well when she noticed me as little as the dust beneath her pretty feet—days when others basked in the sunshine, and I shivered in the cold.

It was a lovely evening in June, when as I stepped into a summer-house, sweet with the scent of roses, which clustered so thickly about it as to shut out the outside world, I found it already occupied by her.

"Queenie," I said, "you here?"

"Is not the evidence of your sense sufficient, sir," she answered, "without putting the question?"

"Not where you are concerned," I replied. "Besides, I did not think fortune could be so kind to me. Queenie, do you know that in a fortnight I sail on a three years' cruise?"

"Yes, I know it," she replied shortly.

But I was sure that I saw a tear trembling on her long dark lashes, though she persistently bent her head and ruthlessly tore into pieces the petals of a rose she held.

"Do not be so severe on that poor rose," I continued, gathering courage. "Must you always exercise your power? Are you not content with making one man miserable?"

"What do you mean?" she said quickly.

"I mean that I love you, Queenie—that all thought of this long absence makes a very coward of me unless—unless, my darling, you will make me strong and brave by the promise that when I return you will be my wife."

The color flushed into her lovely face.

Lower and lower drooped her head, but she spoke no word.

"May," I went on, "you have been very cruel to me, darling, and now you have so little time left to be kind. Surely you will not begrudge it to me?"

"Frank, Frank!" she cried out, then in her sweet innocence throwing both arms about my neck, and sobbing as I pressed her to my heart.

It was a moment of exquisite bliss.

I kissed away her tears (they were not altogether unhappy), and soon brought back the dimples and smiles.

"Why have you treated me so badly, Queenie?" I asked.

"Why did you not speak before, sir?" she retorted saucily. "Was I to place my hand in yours and say, 'Here I am. Why don't you ask me?' Indeed, no," with a perverse toss of her pretty little head."

"Very well; but, my pet," I replied—"the less said about a certain little girl's love of coquetry and conquest the better. Never mind; I can afford to be magnanimous, only don't rouse the green-eyed monster too seriously. He is only sleeping, May—he is not dead."

Ah, me! that he was destined so soon to such an awakening.

The next week of my stay flew on wings.

"We are going to give you a surprise before you go, Frank," said May; but of its nature I could glean nothing.

Our engagement was not announced.

"I should have such a stupid time while you were away, Frank, besides the faint prospect of your finding some preferable sweetheart in some other port."

So Queenie argued, and I was fain to give in, though I insisted upon monopolizing the little witch as much as possible, and letting some of the other fellows suffer a little of my previous agony.

But three days more remained to me, when one afternoon looking for May I heard voices in the library, and stole up to the window to surprise my darling.

There I stood spell-bound.

A mirror opposite me reflected the figures I could not see from where I was, but every word spoken reached my ear.

May was leaning back in an arm-chair, her lovely lips parted, a faint flush on her beautiful cheeks, and at her feet knelt Dick Armstrong, his handsome face a light with feeling, and his voice full of emotion as he leaned over and pressed his moustached lips to her hand in ardent fervor.

"You mustn't do that," May laughed. "That's not in the play."

"Why not?" he answered, "it is to be my future right, is it not?"

"Yes," she said; "but the future is not the present. Come, go on, sir! What were you saying?"

"My love—my life! I cannot live without you!" rang out his impassioned tones.

I was about to spring into the room, livid with passion, when May's answer reached me.

"Nor would I ask you, dear," she said, in low murmuring accents. "Life would indeed be dark without the sunshine of your smile! You are sure you love me? Say it again. The story never grows old, and but gains sweetness with telling. What is that?" she added, with sudden change of voice.

I knew that I had groaned, and sprang from the window that I might not be discovered.

So stunned and by sense of suffering almost paralyzed I hastened to my room.

Of girlish coquetry, of girlish trifling, I had believed May capable; but perjury and base falsehood I had deemed her as far above as the angels in heaven.

Mad with passion, determined she should not know the truth, I sat down to my desk and dashed off the following lines—

"Adieu fair trifler. You claimed to have a surprise for me. I have already received a sufficient inkling of its nature not to wish to be overwhelmed by it. Of course you know the farce we have been playing has but preceded the tragedy. I go in search of the sweetheart you have destined for me in some other port. Do not fear—I shall ride the storm. Yours,

"FRANK."

I had added these last words in a spirit of bravado; but once penned, I leaned my head down on the table and sobbed like a baby—the first tears I shed since childhood—the last, pray Heaven, I said, I may shed till old age.

But all my faith and hope and happiness had gone in one blow.

However, they seemed to make me stronger, and quickly packing my valise, and handing my note to a faithful messenger that it should reach May, I left the house, meeting no one.

There were times in the months that followed when, pacing up and down the narrow confines of the ship I thought I should go mad, and almost prayed I might.

May's face haunted me, not in its bright, girlish beauty, but sad and heavy-eyed as though she had wept long and bitterly.

The years dragged slowly by.

No news reached me of her—not even of her marriage.

Perhaps she had proved false to him too.

And yet I loved her still—loved her with so mad a love that she was ever present in my thoughts to torture me.

One summer night—we were on our homeward way—I sat alone on deck, thinking how soon we should sight our native land, and how little joy the thought brought me.

What should I do?

What could I do but ask to be again transferred to sea duty?

I would not even go to the place where May lived.

To catch one fleeting glimpse of her would be to scatter all my hard-won calm.

Just as I reached this decision, floating above me in the ether, there seemed to be a ball of liquid fire.

Dreamily I watched it, wondering what it might be, when I heard a voice.

"Frank! Frank!" it said, and the tones were full of an imploring sadness.

I sprang to my feet, and rubbed my eyes.

It was Queenie's voice that I had heard.

Had I been sleeping or walking?

The ball of fire had vanished—all was darkness; but my new-born resolution had taken wings.

I must see May once more, face to face, and ask her—

"Why did you do this thing?"

The ship seemed to crawl now; but all things come to an end, and at last we heard the welcome cry of "Land!"

I was one of the first to leap on shore, and then I travelled night and day to reach the house I had left three years before in such wrath.

It was almost evening when I arrived, and stole through the lodge-gates like a thief.

I could not yet enter the house.

From the garden the scent of roses again greeted me, and I made my way to the summer-house, which seemed to smile a welcome on me.

On its threshold I stood transfixed.

As once before I found it occupied.

A girl sat at its furthest end, her head buried in her hands, and sobs convulsing her frame.

It was Queenie.

Softly I spoke her name. She sprang to her feet, and dashed away her tears.

Spite of the twilight I saw that she was pale and thin.

"How dare you, sir?" she cried in her passion, "how dare you come here to gloat over my misery, and to witness your petty triumph?"

Then the woman in her conquered, and once more she burst into bitter weeping.

"Is it for you to reproach me?" I said. "Had I not the evidence of my own sense of your falsehood?"

"My falsehood?" she repeated. "You dare speak such a word to me?"

And then I told her all that I had seen and heard.

Oh Heaven, the fool that I had been.

She had been rehearsing a portion of a little play they were to act in my honor, on the night following the day I had seen them.

When Dick had asked if it was not his future right to kiss her hand, he had meant only during the real progress of the play; and my darling, loyal as she was, would not permit him even that privilege in rehearsal.

My note to her had seemed the cruellest mockery.

She had been very ill after I left, and all these years had believed me untrue and unkind.

It was dark night when our explanations were given, but for us the day was just dawning.

"May," I said, throwing myself at her feet, and telling her the story of my strange vision, "can you ever forgive me? May I not let my whole future life atone?"

"Darling," she whispered, as her soft little hand toyed with my hair, "it was my heart's voice that called you. Do you think, now you have come, I can shut its doors against you?"

And so I won my Queen.

COMICAL GERMAN NAMES.—More comical and singular names are current in Germany than in any other European country; but Germans do not seem to suffer from the rulseries of eccentric nomenclature as keenly as do Englishmen, Frenchmen, or even Italians. Perhaps their indifference in this regard springs from their natural shortcoming, as far as a sense of humor is concerned, and partly from the deep and solid self-satisfaction which is one of their national characteristics. A glance over the pages of the Berlin Directory will enable anyone acquainted with the German language to pick one hundreds of astonishingly incongruous names, owned by persons holding distinguished positions in the official, commercial, and artistic circles of the capital. No social class is exempt from this quaint affliction. Illustrious nobles are as often ridiculously named as the humblest proletary. The The name of the wealthiest Count in the German Empire, literally rendered into our vernacular, is "Handle of Thunder-Marrow."

To our apprehensions these patronymics are no whit less nonsensical and unfit for family use than the utterly plebian "Blood-sausage," "White-camel," or "Twoyeareold-wildboar," that abound in the Fatherland; but Germans see nothing funny or uncommon in them, and are unfeignedly surprised when the intelligent foreigner sojourning in their midst ventures to hint that, any other country, names so extravagantly incongruous would inevitably render life intolerable to their luckless possessors, by reason of the inexhaustible banter, chaff, and satirical comment, they could not fail to suggest to social wags and comic journalists.

The majority of the more high-sounding and poetical names that meet the eye upon German shop fronts or in the advertising sheets of the Teutonic daily press belong to persons of Jewish extraction. Not more than a couple of centuries ago, the German Israelite, as a rule, was forlorn of a family name. He was either known by a "front name," supplemented by that of his father, as "Aaron-ben-David," or "Solomon-ben-Israel," or by some nickname owing its origin to the nature of his occupation, or, perhaps to a conspicuous physical peculiarity.

This vagueness in his denomination and errant commercial habits enabled him to dodge the tax-gatherer and gave the German administration a good deal of trouble in dealing with him from a fiscal point of view. It was therefore resolved to make him distinctly identifiable by the simple progress of compelling him to take a family name, stick to it during his own life, and transmit it by legal act of registration to his children. No restrictions were imposed upon him in the matter of choice, and his flowery Oriental instincts prompted him to select patronymics significant of things beautiful or noble in nature, of great Provinces or stately cities, kingly birds and beasts, moral virtues and picturesque thoughts. Hence the following names, proper to German Israelite families of all classes: Valley-of-Lilies, Mountain-of-Roses, Stone-of-Honor, Silesian, Englishman, Warsaw, Viennese, Eagle, Lion, Whale, Honorable, Pious, Humility, Trust-God, Peace-of-Countries, Rich-in-Virtue, Lovely-home, Holiday-Evening, Mountains-of-Thanks, Ladies-Praise, and many others as romantic or idealistic as the foregoing.

Alike astute and artistic, the Jews of the Futherland, under stern compulsion to establish their identity as rate-payers, bestowed upon themselves all the prettiest and noblest patronymics the German language could afford, leaving to their Christian compatriots the ugliest and most ignominious.

But there are other by no means uncommon German names, so intrinsically eccentric, anomalous, and unreasonable that it is impossible to account to one's self for their appropriation by sane human beings. What, for instance, can have been the motive prompting a son of Teut to call himself "Effervescentweather," "Doornail," or "Blistervillage?" From what queer fancies or odd incidents did such names as "Froth-mountain," "Cat'selbow," "Panhandle," "Horsedeceiver," "Tigerstream," "Scissorscorner," and "Dailybasin" derive their origin? Every conjecture is unsatisfactory.

NEVER sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep your mind active, and depend upon it this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

Bric-a-Brac.

MAKING RAISINS.—Raisins are formed from grapes by cutting the stalks of the bunches half through when the grapes are nearly ripe, and leaving them suspended on the vine until their watery parts evaporate.

MOSS BREAD.—Moss-bread is manufactured in Iceland from reindeer moss, which towards the month of September becomes soft, tender, and damp, with a taste like wheat-bran. This moss contains a large quantity of starch, and the Icelanders gather it in the latter part of the summer season, thoroughly dry it, and then grind it into meal; and bread, gruels, and pottages are made with it.

THE SENSITIVE OAT.—The seeds of this are sold at the stores, to be cultivated as a curiosity. Each grain-covering has a long, bent bristle, or awn; with every change, whether to dry or damp, each one begins to twist, or untwist; the bent portions cross and come in contact with one another, and as the motion goes on, a jerk takes place, and the oats are thrown to a distance of several inches. In a succession of dry days and damp nights, these oats will travel a long distance.

SPONGE UNDERCLOTHING.—Sponge underclothing is a recent novelty invented and patented in Berlin. It is claimed for it that it can be cleansed more easily than woolen goods, and being more flexible, does not chafe the skin so much. It is a bad conductor, and tends to keep the surface temperature uniform. One who wears the underclothing is not liable to take cold, for it absorbs the perspiration without checking it. After the mineral and vegetable impurities in the sponges have been sufficiently beaten by a heavy hammer to admit of being readily washed out, the sponges are dried and pared with a sharp knife. These parings are then sewed together.

THE EGGS OF THE HERRING.—If a full female herring is gently squeezed over a vessel of tea-water, the eggs will rapidly pour out and sink to the bottom, to which they immediately adhere with so much tenacity that in half an hour the vessel may be inverted without their dropping out. When spawning takes place naturally, the eggs fall to the bottom and attach themselves in a similar fashion. But at this time the assembled fish dart wildly about, and the water becomes cloudy with the fluid of the milt. The eggs thus become fecundated as they fall, and the development of the young within the ova sticking to the bottom commences at once.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—The Burmese are an exceedingly superstitious people, and believe in good and evil spirits and omens of all kinds with a tenacity that not even conversion to Christianity will eradicate. One of the most curious is the belief that, according to the day of the week on which a man is born so will his character be. Thus, people born on Monday are jealous; on Tuesday, honest; Wednesday, quick-tempered, but soon calm again; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, hot-tempered and quarrelsome; while Sunday's children will be parsimonious. The latter is rendered all the more serious because a man gets his name from the day he was born on.

AN EDUCATED BEAST.—An elephant with a pocket-handkerchief certainly seems a little incongruous, but a huge earth-shaking beast with a cleanly habit of wiping his face with a pocket-handkerchief, which he takes ably from his keeper, is one of the features of a well known circus. The same elephant fans itself, holding the fan in its trunk—an application of something which his kindred do at home, for it is a well-ascertained fact that the elephant will in a state of nature break off the branch of a tree and use it as a fly-flapper to rid itself of troublesome insects. This is one of the rare instances known of an animal actually employing a tool to supplement or assist the members which nature has given it.

THE DISMISSAL PRISON.—The unfortunate Russians who are condemned to exile in Siberia are collected at some central point before setting out upon their long and painful journey. Moscow is one of these points, and sometimes several hundred wretched creatures are confined together, waiting for the order to start. Their mothers, wives, sisters, and children often accompany them thus far, and find shelter for three or four days under the roof of the "Dismissal Prison," as it is called, whence the journey to Siberia is to be made. At the end of that time, they must decide whether to return home, or accompany their relatives into exile, and share with them the rigors of banishment in a cold and dreary region.

THE VIOLET CRAB.—This is found in the West Indies and South America, and almost the only one among all amphibia that undertakes long journeys. They live on firm land only, far from the ocean, hid in dark caves or caverns of the mountains. But once in a year, in April or May, the sun, the heat and affection, penetrate the thick armor of these cold-blooded beings. All of a sudden they burst forth from cleft and crevice, and move in clouds of hundreds and thousands, so that the ground, the roads and woods are covered with their uncouth shapes. The vast army travels in strict battle array; first come strong men, then the females, in closely packed columns fifty or sixty yards wide, and often half an hour long. They prefer moving at night. During the day they rest at least twice, and hide from the hot sun. Instinct shows them the shortest way to the ocean. Nothing arrests their march, and they never break their ranks.

FORGIVENESS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused,
Its kindness answered with foul wrong:
So turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one end level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THIS way, miss," said the servant, ascending a flight of stairs at the further end of the corridor, and then going along a passage till they came to another, which went at right angles, and led to a distinct wing of the house.

A few yards brought them to a door, which led into a square vestibule, from which three rooms opened.

One was a sitting room; a second was ajar, and disclosed a bed and a prettily trimmed crib; the third was thrown open for Hilda's entrance.

"That's your room, miss," said the servant, "and this is the schoolroom; the other is the nurse's and Miss Lina's."

Hilda bowed her head, and entered her bed-room, which was neither one of the barely furnished, servant-like rooms that are sometimes described as the lot of the governess, nor was it elegant and luxurious. It was simply an ordinary room in a gentleman's house—a room that would have been thought well furnished in middle-class households, and plain and inferior in higher stations.

A white dimity bed, a pretty carpet, maple furniture, and a small table, completed the furnishing of the apartment. Hilda saw at a glance that it was susceptible of improvements by her own little treasures; and, so far as the accommodation was concerned, did not complain of her lot.

Hilda's trunks are already taken into this room, and uncorded. At least the servants did their duty, and spared the mortifications that at time belong to such an arrival.

Hilda sat on an easy chair near the window, and began to think. She was scarcely inclined to begin her unpacking at present; and, as the ladies were going for a drive, she imagined that there would be plenty of time for such a proceeding; but the next instant, the maid re-opened the door.

"Dinner will be ready directly Miss Lina comes in, miss. It is always served in the schoolroom at two, and it is now half-past one."

Hilda gave assent. She presumed the information was a hint for her to dress, and yet what could it signify for a child of five years old? However, she felt that there was no use in the indulgence of useless reveries or speculations, and she quietly rose and prepared to change her travelling dress; yet only slight alteration was possible, and but little time was spent on the toilette.

Her bright hair was brushed, her simple black dress and white collar and cuffs were arranged, and then Hilda was ready to receive her little charge.

It was scarcely five minutes ere Hilda heard the sound of pattering feet, and the childish prattle of her pupil.

She passed into the sitting-room to receive her, with an eager desire to find at least something to love in this drear house.

The door opened and little Lina Capel entered.

She was the very ideal of infant loveliness, with plump white shoulders peeping from her pale blue cashmere frock, blue eyes, and lips like cherries; such was the pretty child that bounded into the room before her mature nurse.

Her eyes expressed childish wonder as she caught sight of Hilda; then a look of recognition came over her face, a smile dimpled her cheeks, and she bounded to Hilda's side, holding up her mouth for a kiss.

"Auntie, auntie!" she cried.

Hilda looked to the nurse for explanation.

"She mistakes you for her aunt, miss, the late Lady Capel's sister," she said; "she was in black when Miss Lina last saw her, before she went away to the West Indies with her husband."

"I am not auntie, my darling," said Hilda, stooping down and kissing her.

"Who are you, then?" asked the child, a frightened look replacing the delighted one in her blue eyes, and elongating the curves of her pouting lips till she seemed ready to burst into a flood of tears.

"I am your new governess, my love," replied Hilda.

"Call me Miss Hilda; I shall love you very much, I am sure, and I hope you will learn to love me, though I am not auntie."

The child slid her hand into that of her new friend, and leaned her head against her black dress.

"Miss Lina," said the nurse, "I am afraid you are troublesome. You must excuse her, miss, but the child is right. You are very like Miss Ferris that was—I mean Mrs. Montfort that is now, and I don't wonder she thinks so."

Hilda assured the nurse that there was no risk of her being wearied with her charge, and the nurse left the room to prepare for dinner that was being served in the sitting-room. Meanwhile the ladies whom Hilda had left were far from amiable in their feelings and remarks.

"Well, Florence what do you think of the new governess?" said Mrs. Escourt, looking at Florence with half-derisive, half-annoyed glance.

"Well, really, Elise, it is so very uninteresting to me, that I scarcely troubled myself to form an opinion," replied Florence.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Escourt; "then I was mistaken. I thought I saw you surveying her very attentively."

Florence only vouched a scornful smile.

"And I did not wonder at it," continued the lady, remorselessly. She is a very lovely girl, and uncommonly like poor Helen—eh, Flo?"

"I really have no such talent in finding likenesses as you have, Elise," said Florence. "Helen was fair and so was that girl."

"Yes, and so are you, Flo,—you are both blondes," said her sister; "but yet you are perfectly unlike Helen. Do you remember her beautiful face—the hazel eyes, the fair skin, the rich golden hair, the peculiar expression of her whole face—something between the princess and the maiden, eh, Flo?"

"Really, Elise, I am not quite so imaginative," replied Florence. "I remember Helen as a very pretty girl, and I daresay she is now a very ordinary-looking woman, as those fair skins never stand a West Indian climate."

"At least Guy thought so," was the significant reply.

"Guy!" repeated Florence.

"Yes, Guy Capel, my cousin and yours," said Mrs. Escourt. "He admired Helen far more than poor Caroline."

"Then why did he marry Caroline?" asked Florence.

"Why? that is soon told," said her sister. "Is it possible you do not know the story?"

"No; I was always at school then," said Florence; "and, what is more, I was never near you or Guy, or the two girls, even when I left school. Cannot you recall that circumstance, with all your remembrance, Elise?"

Mrs. Escourt only smiled. Perhaps she was rather amused than otherwise at the vexation of her young sister.

"I beg your pardon, Flo," said she. "I did not wish to offend your juvenility. But as I am aware that you are at least twenty-three, and as Guy married poor Caroline only six years ago, I cannot think it quite so impossible that you might have heard and known all the tale.

"But there is the luncheon bell; and as Mr. Escourt is away to-day, we will dispense with servants, and I will tell you all about it as we take our meal."

The sisters having adjourned to the dining-room, and having dismissed the servants Mrs. Escourt commenced the narrative.

"Well then, Flo, you must remember yourself that Caroline and Helen Ferris were the daughters of the most intimate friend of Lady Capel, Guy's mother.

"These girls and Guy grew up together; and I believe that it was always supposed that there would be a match between him and one of the sisters; some said that Caroline, and some that Helen would be Lady Capel. However, the good folks were not so much to be blamed, since the real truth was, that Guy preferred Helen, and Caroline preferred Guy. At least that was the solution of the mystery.

"About seven years ago, as I have learned since, Guy made Helen an offer. Helen told him that she had the sincerest and warmest regard for him, but that was the cause of the refusal. She became engaged to Mr. Montfort, though it was a surprise to every one how much a beautiful girl could prefer a plain, unattractive man like him, to the handsome baronet.

"I have my own suspicions as to the truth, Flo; but of course they may be wrong. At any rate, the result was the same, whether she really cared for her new admirer or not.

"Sir Guy then proposed to Caroline, and Helen was engaged to marry Mr. Montfort, when he returned from his last trip and settled in the new appointment he was promised; and then—you know the rest.

"How Guy married Caroline, and how the poor girl died; and then how Helen took charge of the child until she was married.

"Now Flo, do you understand what I mean when I say that Guy would admire this girl if he were to see her?"

"Nonsence, Elise," said Florence, laughing scornfully, "it is perfectly absurd.

"This idea of Guy Capel, the descended, nobly born baronet, and this poor, obscure governess! Truly very strange ideas run in your head, Elise.

"If I am over anxious, it is for you, Flo," said Mrs. Escourt.

"I am determined to establish you well, if possible; and you know how important it is that your marriage should be no longer delayed."

Florence's silvery laugh floated through the room, but it had a hollow, mocking sound.

"Thank you my kind sister," said she. "Be assured you have not a greater desire for that happy consummation than I have; but, may I ask to what you especially allude? As to Guy, I have made up my mind. He suits me perfectly, and I intend to secure him on his return.

"The game is a straightforward one, and I have little fear of the result.

"But you speak as if some new and deeper interest were involved in my success."

"You are critical, Flo," over critical," said Mrs. Escourt, coloring deeply.

"I am observant, Elise," said Florence.

"And perhaps see too much," added her sister.

"Ah, but I am not to be deceived," said Florence.

"I am no child, Elise. Tell me, what is your real reason for this alarming desire for me to merge into matronhood?"

"Is it not enough that you are portionless, Flo, and that I am dependent on my husband?—thanks to the will of my old niggardly uncle! I cannot touch one shilling of my fortune, save the bare interest. If I should have children, they would inherit it; but I do not think that probable now and, if not, it goes to our far-away cousin, who, by the way, is the very last person to want it.

"Thus I can do nothing for you, absolutely nothing; for if I survive my husband, most of his property will go from me; and he is so annoyed at having no children, that I do not think he will even do what is possible for me.

"So Flo, if you have sense, you will make the most of your opportunity. You are living in the midst of splendor now, and appear to the best advantage. I enable you to dress almost as well as I do myself; but remember you are rapidly getting past early youth; therefore, I say, you will never be so attractive as you are now. I certainly wish you to marry Guy, and I presume he will not remain much longer abroad, especially as he is so fond of his child."

The girl sat pouting, yet there was a thoughtful look in her face which said, more plainly than words, that her sister's words were not wholly thrown away.

Meanwhile Hilda and the child became the best of friends, but at last the blue eyes grew misty, the golden hair fell on Hilda's shoulder in bright contrast with her own dark dress. The nurse had gone down on some errand, and Hilda bent silently over the fair face of her charge.

"Blessed child!" she murmured; "you will brighten my life."

A lovely picture they were, that fair young girl and the angelic little creature on her knees. What would the father of that sweet child think could he now see her?

On entering the room, such a thought came into Florence Horton's mind as she stood entranced gazing at her new rival—yes, her "rival." Already the words of Elise, and her own perception of her beauty, had dubbed poor Hilda, the humble governess, as such.

Florence had stood there a few minutes ere Hilda perceived her; then a slight rustling woke her to the consciousness that some one was there, and looking up, she saw Florence standing in the doorway.

Florence had on a white, gauzy dress, and she looked like a fair bride in her delicate beauty.

So Hilda thought, and the admiring start she gave for the moment softened Florence's asperity of speech.

"Miss Halloway," she said, "my sister will be glad to see you in the drawing-room at nine. We shall have a few friends, and she wishes you to play. Mrs. Cooper said you were an accomplished pianiste. You had better ring for nurse, and let Lina go to bed."

The young lady retired, and left Hilda aghast. To appear before strangers in that unfriendly house, to play, perhaps to be criticised and laughed at! The idea was intolerable, but she must submit. No request had been proffered, no alternative left—"You are to come!"

Hilda bent down over her sleeping charge, and pressed a kiss on her rosy cheek. Then carrying her into the adjoining room, she began to undress her, and the night toilette was nearly complete when the nurse returned.

"Why, bless you, miss, I am quite shocked that you should have the trouble," said the nurse.

"Oh, I liked it," said Hilda. "I can never think what I do for that darling child any trouble."

The nurse was charmed at the prospect of liberty and the gracious suavity of the pretty new governess.

Hilda prepared for her ordeal. The best dress she possessed was a black silk with crape over it. Her dresses were formerly elegant and costly, fit for her age and position; but now all the mourning she possessed was of a very different kind, and as it happened, the evening part of the toilette had been by no means attended to by Miss Avice Merton. So the hair was simply arranged, and the dress donned, and one white rose placed in her bosom. Hilda knew not her own attractions. She only felt that she had a terrible task to perform.

When nine o'clock struck Hilda went timidly from the room, under the guidance of a servant, kindly sent by the nurse to conduct her to the drawing-room.

The apartments were half-open, and through the door Hilda could see the gay though small crowd of gaily-dressed women and a smaller sprinkling of dark coats among the company.

When Hilda entered only one of the party noticed her appearance. It was a gentleman standing by Florence Horton, a man about twenty-three years of age, handsome and manly-looking, who appeared much engrossed with his fair neighbor, and yet scarcely so entirely so as to be lost to all surrounding objects.

He slightly touched Florence's hand, and said, "A guest, I think Miss Horton?"

Then his eyes followed Hilda as she stole hastily to a corner of the room.

"No, no," said Florence, "that is the new governess, Miss Halloway—my little cousin's governess, I mean."

"Oh, I thought you could not need any more schooling," he said, laughingly, "except in the art of being more merciful to your slaves.

"But she is by no means like one of her class. She is very young and very pretty—do you not thing so?"

Florence looked gloomy, but she replied: "Yes, I dare say; but I have hardly had time to examine her. She only came to-day, and we had never seen her before. My sister is rather sorry she is so young."

"Then she has never been out before?" said her companion.

"No. She came to us from school," replied Florence.

Just at this moment Mrs. Escourt went up to Hilda.

She wished her to play.

The gentlemen had not all joined the party, and therefore she knew that the young ladies would rather reserve their performances; and besides, she really wanted to know what the new governess could do.

"Miss Halloway, be so good as to play something for us," she said.

The request was a command, and Hilda felt it.

She went timidly to the piano.

The gentleman talking to Florence hastened to open it, and adjust the stool for her, in spite of the angry "Pray, don't trouble yourself," of Florence, and the timid "Thank you, I can do it," of the governess.

Hilda began tremulously.

It was impossible that she could be insensible to the novelty of her position.

The crowd of strangers, the haughty command that had been laid on her, the humbling feeling of inferiority where she knew herself, in all but one respect, an equal, all combined to make her tremulous for a time.

But the superb piano, the delight of touching such an instrument, and her pride and self-respect rising within her, roused her power, and gave her confidence.

At last the talent which Hilda possessed asserted itself.

Her fingers became more firm and competent, and replied more truly to her will.

The taste and feeling that gave charm to her execution broke forth in all its fulness; and at last she forgot all but that she was playing on an instrument that could respond to her every idea.

Then she gave herself up to the art she loved.

The softest of Mendelssohn's airs, the most brilliant of Chopin's waltzes, came in turn from her fingers; and at last no sound was heard in the room until her own masterly performance was finished.

"Oh, pray give us a song," then exclaimed an elderly man, evidently the master of the splendid mansion; and though Hilda did not know him, his age and manner ensured obedience.

In a voice soft and clear as a lute, Hilda sang some of the sweetest of Scottish ballads.

"Beautiful! exquisite!" sounded on all sides, as Hilda rose from the piano, her cheeks flaming at the admirers that had collected round her, and of whom she was for the first time conscious.

"Not yet, Miss Halloway! I should like to hear your voice in Italian music, and then we will impose no further on kindness," said Mr. Escourt.

Elise looked fiercely at her husband, but he appeared perfectly ignorant of, or utterly indifferent to her meaning glance, and quietly placed the "Casta Diva" before the half-confused, half-smiling girl.

Hilda was getting over the shyness that had opposed her; she began to feel, as so many have done before, that there is no solitude like a crowd, especially a crowd of strangers.

It seemed unworthy to be alarmed at the opinion of persons whose very existance was unknown to her an hour before. Why should she mind either their censure or their praise? So she quietly, sat down once more, and began the grand air.

Now, for the first time, her rich voice and masterly style became evident. Every note was so full and clearly taken, every word so expressively pronounced, and the execution so perfect, that after a moment of silence at its conclusion, a murmur of applause ran through the room. Now Hilda rose resolutely, and this time without opposition.

Mr. Escourt saw the girl was nearly exhausted with her exertions; even if he ignored the angry looks of his wife, which were concealed under the appearance of smiling sympathy with the applause of the guests, and though passionately fond of music, he was of too kindly a nature to indulge his taste at the cost of the fair girl. Besides, there were others now fully prepared and willing to take their part in the evening's amusement.

Florence was a poor musician; she had little voice, and too little perseverance to excel on any instrument; but there were several of the guests who were always on the list of candidates for musical honors.

Florence's admirer did not appear to be at all disposed to continue at his post near the piano when Hilda had left it.

"She spoils one for any other performer, does she not, Miss Horton?" he said.

Florence fancied that his tone was rather that of an amateur praising a professional singer, than of a young man admiring a beautiful and gifted girl, and her reply was proportionately gracious.

"Certainly she is extremely clever," she replied.

"It is a pity she should not sing and play in public. Of course she was educated for that profession."

Poor Hilda! the heiress of Arden Court the petted child of its owner, educated for a singer or a governess! Did she hear the careless taunt?

So the evening passed away; the gover-

ness retired to her room, on a nod of dismissal from Mrs. Escourt, and there she wept herself to sleep. Weary, exhausted, heart-sick, with the sounds and lights, the old memories and new scenes, mingling in strange confusion, did poor Hilda lay her head on the pillow. And then the buzz in the brain, the dazzle before the eyes, gradually subsided in the calm quiet darkness of night, and she sank into a quiet slumber.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was the night of a treble *debut* at Drury Lane Theatre. A new actress was to appear in a new piece written by a new author.

Perhaps such a combination of untried talent might have tended rather to check than to raise expectation; but in this case it scarcely appeared to have that effect.

The dull days before Christmas made any attempt at novelty doubly attractive; and the tongue of rumor had already described the whole affair in romantic and exciting terms.

The actress especially was whispered to be one of no common attractions, and of course an addition was made, of no common history.

Those who professed to be versed in the secrets of the green-room declared that she was exceedingly handsome, proud, and gifted; "a complete queen," they said, "and haughty as such."

Then, too, the piece was pronounced to be by a young author of exceeding merit, and, altogether, curiosity as well as desire of novelty was roused to the utmost pitch.

The house was crowded. On a first night that is perhaps nothing unusual, for the friends of authors, and actors, and managers, muster in large force on such occasions.

But in the present instance no such influences could have been used, for neither actress nor author was known.

The pit was full to suffocation, and the boxes were far better tenanted than is often seen, save when a "run" of some well-known piece renders it the "fashion" to be present; and beauty was there, and wealth and station too, if one might guess from the dress and mien of some of the tenants of the boxes.

But among the fairest of the fair, the belles of the night, there was one who carried unmistakably the palm—a splendid-looking girl, not perhaps perfect in form and feature, nor, strictly speaking, the very ideal of statuesque beauty, but one of far higher and worthier pretentions.

The most critical could not deny her attractions, and yet envious tongues might assert that defects could be found in the outline of the features and the tint of the complexion.

There was a combination of physical and mental attraction in that magnificent girl that at once arrested attention and compelled admiration.

Then her dress betokened wealth and taste combined. The few jewels she wore were priceless in value and dazzling in brilliancy.

She might perhaps be even younger than she appeared, for her features were so entirely and youthfully rounded and unbroken, that it was difficult to imagine that she could be as yet more than eighteen, perhaps not even that; and yet, to judge from her manner and expression, she might at least have numbered two or three years more.

Her companions were an elderly gentleman, to whom she scarcely bore a likeness that allowed of his calling her "daughter," and a younger man, who far more strongly resembled their mutual parent, for, making allowance for the difference of years between twenty-five and fifty, the two gentleman were singularly alike.

Father and son they apparently were.

But some of the admirers of the dark-featured girl debated the point whether she was not the daughter of the old gentleman only by marriage, and some went so far as to pronounce the younger man "a deuced lucky fellow."

But when the white glove was accidentally removed from the fair hand, exposing the costly jewels that adorned the slender figures, the plain gold hoop that bespoke the beautiful girl already wooed and won was not there.

The attention and the speculations on the belle of the house were at length suspended by the rising of the curtain for the principal piece, the great attraction of the night.

It was called "Love's Revenge," a tragedy in five acts, an aspiring title for a beginner either in literature or art.

The first act opened on the married life of a wealthy and fashionable pair.

The gentleman was cold, gloomy, and absent, and in the first scenes chiefly engaged with bachelor diversions and bachelor friends.

The wife was alluded to—imagined, rather than seen; indeed it was not till the third scene that she came forward.

Curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch by the delay in the appearance of the new actress, and when the scene shifted to the luxurious boudoir, where she was supposed to reign queen, then the glasses and the eyes of the audience were strenuously directed to the stage. At last she was to be seen and heard—the unknown and mysterious personage of the piece.

The lady was seated in an elegant apartment, and the first buzz of applause that greeted her was indeed well merited by the richness of the whole costume, and the splendor of the heroine of the scene. Very imposing and gorgeous was her haughty beauty. The warm draperies, the noble figure they adorned, the perfection of the finely-chiselled features, the aristocratic bearing, the proud, pensive expression—all were regally beautiful and dignified. She looked so perfectly in keeping with the whole scene, and the very first words she spoke were uttered in such rich, soft, melodious tones, that the enthusiasm of the audience was raised to its highest pitch at her appearance. It was not that kindly, encouraging ovation often given to a debutante; it was the real, spontaneous admiration for a beautiful and dignified woman.

The applause subsided, and the lady rose, walked to a window, gazed sadly from the balcony of the stage scene, then, with a deep sigh, turned away.

"He will not be long," she murmured; "he will not be long."

Then a ring was heard at the gate bell. The beautiful cheek flushed, steps approached, the door opened, and a woman entered—a woman fair and still young, but faded, poorly dressed, and sad. It was a stranger—so the audience readily gathered.

The lady of the gorgeous salon soon recovered from her surprise and disappointment, and inquired, with dignified kindliness, what the stranger needed.

"Justice," was the reply, in soft yet thrilling tones.

It is needless to go minutely through the scene. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that the old, sad tale was repeated; the old tale of man's perfidy and selfishness, and woman's wrongs. The beautiful, queenly woman found that her cherished idol was of clay, and worse than clay, and herself dishonored.

Such was the purport of the story of the drama, and it ended in the punishment of the guilty one at the hand of his victim.

The ideas were perhaps trite, but the working out was excellent to a rare degree.

And the acting? "Superb!" "heart-stirring!" "heartfelt!" Such were the phrases that were showered on the *debutante*.

It was indeed wondrous, most wondrous; the bitter passion, the scorn, the despair, the torrents of rage and resentment, the sudden calming of the storm, the preparation for revenge.

All were literally astonishing effects. Nature herself, combined with the most consummate art, could have done no more. It was not simply acting; it was passion, feeling, beauty, all combined.

The audience were entranced—taken by storm—overpowered. Tears, murmurs, applause, smothered and subdued at first, and then, when all was over, bursting forth into a vociferous clamor, rewarded her efforts.

The actress was triumphant. The woman, the queen at a single bound had occupied the throne of popular favor.

Then, when called before the curtain, and cries were raised for the author of the drama that had given such a field for her powers, the two gifted and admired ones appeared together.

What a pair! That magnificent woman; that handsome, young, and gifted man! He led her forward with graceful deference, and, picking up the shower of bouquets that were thrown to the heroine of the evening, presented them to her. She looked at him with a sad, yet affectionate air—rather that of a mother than a coquettish woman; and then, presenting him with a sprig of myrtle from one of the most beautiful of her bouquets, seemed to bespeak for him the favor of the audience, rather than to appropriate it herself.

Then she courtesied gracefully once, twice, thrice, with queenly acknowledgement of the applause, and desired the young author, in a low tone, to conduct her to her carriage.

"Her carriage!" The word seemed familiar; the vehicle, a natural one for that regal woman; and yet, when he had reached the door of the theatre, it was but a humble fly that waited her coming.

"Come home with me," she said; "I would speak with you."

He obeyed. Indeed there seemed something natural in obeying any command of hers, and he followed her into the vehicle and they drove home.

Home! Can lodgings ever be "home"? Can the lonely and the unhappy ever really speak of "home"? Still, the apartments of Madame Courton were as like herself as it was possible to imagine such a place as the apartment in one of the quiet streets of Pimlico.

There was an atmosphere of refinement, an aspect of taste and of elegance in every appointment. The arrangement of the simple furniture, the flowers, the books, the writing materials, all bespoke the lady rather than the professional woman.

"You have had a triumph to-night, madame," observed the young man.

"And you a success," she replied.—"Thanks to your genius," said he.

"And to your talent for giving it play," said the lady. "But a truce to compliments. I brought you here for far other purposes than flattery. I want to know, first whether that drama of yours has a purpose, or was it purely imaginary?"

The young man grew pale.

"I see," she said—"I am answered, young man. I knew it—I was certain of it. You could not have written it had not your heart gone in it; and you had some purpose, some reason for the passion, the nature you have put into every line."

He bowed his head. His face was half concealed but she could see his lips working.

"I seem impertinent cruel," she said, "but my heart yearns to you. It seems to me that you have suffered; and I—I am a wreck. You have written as if you felt—"

"And you acted as if you knew," he murmured.

"You are right," she said, with a bitter smile. "I have indeed felt and known all that you have described, and more than all. Now tell me, am I right in my misgivings that you were the ideal of your own creation, the veritable sufferer by such a crime?"

He bowed his head and wept, and she passed her hand caressingly over his hot brow.

"Poor fellow!" she said; "and so young! But be comforted; there is a tie between us now. Only be true to yourself, and I will be a friend, a mother, to you, should you need such sympathy. If not, yet, at least, I can feel that I am not alone in my wretchedness and my fate."

The young man raised her hand to his lips with reverence, rather than gallantry.

"It is a strange coincidence," he said; "and yet it is impossible—you are young; it is not even creditable that it should be so."

"Ah youth, youth," she said, smilingly, "how sanguine, how imaginative! No, our fates can scarcely be connected, though our stories may tally. I am but thirty-three, and you are——"

"Twenty-one," said the young man, half-smiling. "No, dear lady, that was indeed a romance beyond credibility. I dreamed not of so fair and young a mother, though I never knew mine. I know not even her name or fate."

"Poor lad! poor lad!" she repeated. "Well, you have genius and youth, and are of a sex that is not so disgraced as ours by such things. Be comforted; and, above all, keep from the temptations of your age and sex, and your very employment. And now go; I am weary and heart-sick. Good-night. But come again; we can never again be strangers."

He pressed her hand, and left the room.

A little scene had taken place in the theatre on that summons before the curtain.

The beautiful young girl who had attracted such general admiration had been observed to lean suddenly forward, and the crimson blood had spread over her cheek for a moment.

She gazed as if in doubt; then leaned back, as the pair passed from the stage, and with a strong effort mastered her sudden emotion.

Her sudden flush might be excitement at the scene, as some thought, but there was one who saw and interpreted it aright. That one was her cousin, and he adroitly covered it by at once engaging his uncle in conversation till the young girl had mastered her emotion, and resumed the proud composure that was habitual to her.

CHAPTER XX.

NORA NORTON sat in her uncle's drawing-room alone. It was their town mansion, and they had come hither for the winter to give a home to her cousin Lewis, now about to be called to the bar, and whom his uncle feared to trust alone in the feverish atmosphere of London life. It was a beautiful home, albeit in the crowded haunts of man—elegant, stately, and refined, it was an index of her character. In some sense this might be called Nora's debut, for she had lately attained her eighteenth birthday, when, by the will of her deceased father, she came of age, so far as control over her property was concerned. Father and brother had been snatched from her during the last three years, and she, like her cousin, Lewis Delany, under the paternal guardianship of their mutual uncle, the brother of Nora's mother and also of the father of Lewis.

Since her school days Nora had grown very beautiful. Her rich, black hair, her creamy, soft skin, her perfect figure, her brilliant eyes, her scarlet lips, made a combination rarely seen in its proud beauty. And yet she had as yet been heart-whole, or thought she was. She had had many a lover, still more suitors. Some came for the ward of the wealthy Mr. Delany, more for the accomplished and beautiful girl. Some titled, many wealthy, many distinguished men had bowed at her shrine; but she had turned from all with an untouched heart.

Was it that Nora was cold and pulseless as a marble statue, or that some strange coquetry made her wish to prolong her triumphs, and to increase the number of her slaves, or had she some secret entanglement, some former and unconquerable predilection? Who could tell? Perhaps not her own heart. Certainly no one was aware of it. Time would discover all. Truth to tell, her earnest, strong nature, had one safety-valve—that was, in action. She must have some reigning passion. Now literature, now art, now science, now lighter accomplishments.

At school, French had been like her mother tongue.

Italian had been mastered in its own sunny land.

Since her return home, German had been conquered, and she could read the best authors in their mother tongue.

Then, as to music, her talent was almost an instinct, and she would draw crowds of listeners with her splendid voice, or delight an amateur with her rendering of the works of the old masters.

But her latest engrossment was a singular one—it was the drama.

Lewis laughed at the fancy, and declared that, as Nora had exhausted all that the musical and art world could give, and all the languages that even a woman's tongue could utter, she was driven to the stage as a last resource.

And perhaps he was right.

Nora was satiated with amusements.

The balls and parties she frequented were but repetitions one of the other, and her genius was so quick to master the various pursuits she undertook, that now she determined to introduce a novelty.

She would give private theatricals; and for that purpose she had for some time attended every new piece of any promise, and seen every fresh "star" with untiring diligence and interest.

Her guardian pleased her every wish, and Lewis was one of the most devoted of cousins; thus Nora had only to form a plan to be sure of co-operation and consent.

But still it was as yet immature in her mind, and she had gone to Drury Lane Theatre on the night of the attractive *debut* of Madame Courton, half-doubtful as to the possibility of carrying out her intentions.

To find a piece and actors that would do for a private stage, and a stage that would suit Nora's elevated ideas of perfection, was no easy task.

The ladies might be found; girls were generally quick and malleable to receive teaching and impressions.

But the men?

Where could she hope to find those whom she would stoop to teach? and yet men who would deserve and repay the trouble?

And it was on the night of that visit to the theatre that Nora stood over the fire in her dressing-room, thinking over the past.

Could it be true? Was her memory treacherous? and still more, was her heart too true, too enduring in its impressions? The restless claspings and unclaspings of her hands, the nervous tapping of her slippered feet, and heaving respirations of her heart, seemed to prove that the statue, the insensible idol of so many hearts, was not so stony as she had seemed.

Could it be so? Had a girlish impression, a distant memory, the casual intercourse of a few short weeks thus engraven itself on that strong nature, and rendered it so insensible to the imprinting of any other image? Her thoughts went back rapidly now.

Three long years before, Nora had met that frank, handsome, high-bred youth, her cousin's friend, at her uncle's country seat, and his companionship has made that long-planned Summer vacation a vivid dream and a golden vision.

She remembered the careless grace of his form and the gaze of his deep blue eyes, the earnest, frank, high-souled manner and sentiments, the matured thought that had made him so irresistibly attractive

Yes, the rides and walks, and merriment shared in those dreamy Summer days; the books they read together; the poems they repeated in the old forests; the thoughts they unresistingly betrayed and shared, as they had never done to mortal beings before; all came like a dream over her heart, and before her eyes.

And that night she had seen him again—at least she believed it, she felt it. Ah! it was almost incredible.

Yes, Nora's heart told her that however changed during the year that had elapsed, the hero of that youthful episode, the secret tenant of her heart, the real cause that barred it against the numerous claimants for admission there, and the author of the piece that had so moved the heart and brought tears, and raised the storm of applause in that crowded house, were the same.

Yet, how could it be? What change—what reverse could have thus matured the handsome young man to become an author, the public candidate for favor, and, as many had whispered, the writer for bread as well as fame? Yet it was so. Her heart told her it was; and her eyes and ears could not play her false.

Changed? Yes, he was changed during the last three years.

His bright face had matured into the thoughtful and intellectual countenance of the man; the hair had darkened, the expression was sad but yet more attractive than the brilliant joyousness of former days. Yes, the happy brilliancy of youth was entirely gone; the eyes had a pained, sad look; and the cheeks, once so beautiful, and glowing with the full freshness of youth, and hope, and joy, were pale, and sunken from their former rounded and perfect contour.

The whole character of the face and manner had been transformed; and yet to Nora the subdued man was far more attractive than the former brilliant and joyous youth had ever been; for the chord of her tenderest pity was touched, mingled with the incomprehensible fascination that had first attracted her regard.

Had her hour indeed come? Was her proud spirit bowed at last? Was it coquetry, or pride, that could thus control the wayward girl's spirit, and conquer what the titled and the wealthiest and the most gifted had failed to subdue?

No, it was either the incomprehensible law of the support, the attraction, the sympathy between spirits, or else the instinct of woman's nature that is expressed in the axiom, "Pity is akin to love."

It might be that she loved because she pitied; it might be that she pitied because she loved.

Nora was roused by a tap at the door. It was her cousin Lewis. He had never dismissed the fraternal habit of going in to have a delightful gossip with Nora after the evening's amusements were over. The two would sit in Nora's dressing-room when the maid had been dismissed, and the wrapping gown had replaced the splendid evening toilette, and talk over a hundred wandering subjects, and form plans, and dream dreams, and discuss persons and things, and indulge all the playfulness and the child-like simplicity of former days. So it was no surprise to Nora to see the handsome figure of her cousin appear in answer to the "Come in" she gave to his well-known knock. He sat down by the fireside, and remained for some time in silent thought.

"Well, Nora," he said at length, "did you recognise your old friend to-night?"

Ah, Nora, what a treacherous blush betrayed the innocent deceit of the reply!

"What friend?" she asked. "In whom?"

"In the author of the new piece, Nora," he replied. "Come, don't look so indignant, darling. Surely it is no treason to suppose that you may still remember the

summer vacation we spent at our Uncle Leopold's, and the handsome Harrow lad who accompanied me there. Ah, Nora, Nora, Nora, it is not like you to affect forgetfulness of those happy youthful days. I often wish them back again."

"So do I," sighed Nora; and the crimson on her cheeks suddenly faded.

"Yes, Nora, I believe you," said Lewis. "I do think that despite all the admiration and gaiety that surrounds you, you do really look back on the simple, happy girl-life with pleasure. But that does not affect the subject in question. It is as I told you. That Harrow chum of mine, after having a career of high promise at Cambridge, left the university during an Easter vacation, and no one ever knew what was the reason of the sudden change in his plans. For myself I could never help connecting it with some sudden tidings that reached him one evening at a jolly wine party at his rooms; but he would not confide in me, though I did my utmost to persuade him to do so. I offered every assistance in my power. I would gladly have done something for him if I could; but it was impossible to thaw his pride, and when I returned after the Easter vacation he was gone."

"Oh Lewis!" said Nora.

"Yes, poor fellow," continued Lewis. "I always regretted him, and made many efforts to discover his whereabouts, and renew our old friendship, but in vain. But to-night the mystery was solved. I recognised him at once in the author before the curtain. Did you, Nora?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

With His Own Weapons.

BY WM. TIREBUCK.

WHAT are you thinking about, Maude? You have not spoken a word for five minutes. I can't say that you are remarkably entertaining this evening."

"Am I not? And do you really wish to know my thoughts?"

"Certainly I do."

"Very well, then. No woman is satisfied with a man's devotion, even if she knows it to be genuine, if he appears to slight her in the presence of others; and I think, my dear George, that I occupied the position of a slighted woman last evening, when you devoted yourself so openly to Clara Vaughan."

"I only danced with her three times," said George.

"And sat out three dances with her," supplemented Maude, "while I, owing to the lack of men, was obliged to play the wall-flower. Do you think that was a pleasant position for an engaged young woman?"

"My dear child, how plainly you talk!" cried George, disconcerted by her frank appeal. "Surely you would not tie me to your side every moment of the time?"

"Not one moment of it, sir, if it is your wish to be free?" haughtily exclaimed Maude, now really angry. "You can leave at once—I shall make no effort to detain you."

"What nonsense!" the young man returned, in a much humbler tone. "You know I could not live without you, Maudie. But you are unreasonable; I can't promise never to speak to another girl, you know."

"Nor do I exact such a promise; only I wish others to see by your conduct that you have sworn allegiance to me. I am only a woman and have all a woman's vanity. George, suppose our positions had been reversed last evening; would you have liked to see me as openly pleased with another man's attentions as you were with Clara?"

"Certainly I should," he answered, with an air of virtuous self-denial refreshing to see. "I would never interfere with your enjoyment in any way."

Maude looked deeply perplexed, and then faintly smiled.

"You are quite safe in saying that, because I do not believe there is another eligible man in the village. Which fact probably accounts," she added, with a sly laugh, "for Clara's absorption of you."

George bowed.

"Thanks for the compliment, Miss Arthur."

"Not at all."

Maude had the sweetest temper in the world, and her mood was fast regaining its wonted sunniness.

"Well, Georgie, I won't scold any more, but we'll make a bargain; you can flirt all you choose, give me equal liberty; are you agreed?"

"On one condition; that neither of us abuse the privilege."

"The umpires to be our own consciences?"

"Yes."

"Then, my dear Georgie, I'm afraid your career will be positively reckless!"

* * * * * *

Maude stood waiting for her lover, who was to escort her to a ball at Bedford Hall; and in her dark hair, looked pretty enough to woo a hermit from his seclusion.

George, who, despite his little predilection for flirting, was loud in his admiration of her appearance; and when the pair entered the Hall together, happiness had lent a new light to Maude's beautiful eyes.

Clara Vaughan, a charming little sylph in blue and silver, came tripping across the floor to meet them.

"Oh, Maude," she cried, when the first greetings were over, "who do you think is here—just returned from the city?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," said Maude.

"Another pretty girl?" asked George, looking admiringly into Clara's rather bold blue eyes.

"Pretty girl, indeed! As if I should be interested in her!" said Clara, in disdain. "No, indeed—it's a handsome young man—none other than your old admirer, Maude—Stephen Black."

"Is it possible!" cried Maude, with a blush of undisguised pleasure. "Why, yes—there he is, sure enough! And how handsome he is looking!"

"Humph! Women have strange ideas of beauty," grumbled George, by no means delighted with this turn of affairs.

"Oh, we don't expect you to see how charming he is," Clara flippantly answered; "it would scarcely be natural under the circumstances. But Maude and I think differently. And oh! he's put his name on my card for three dances!" And she flourished the bit of pasteboard in triumph.

George stretched out his hand for it.

"Is there room for my name there, Miss Clara?" he asked rather stiffly, not relishing her enthusiasm, and inclined to think that, after all, the "sweet girl" had considerable "coquetry about her."

"I believe there are one or two dances left," she answered with an indifference which made Maude smile, remembering how different her reception of George's attentions had been on a former occasion.

"You had better take what dances you wish before my card is filled," she said, quietly, when her lover had returned Clara's card.

"Oh, I'll attend to that after the first dance," he answered; and in another moment they had taken their places upon the floor.

Maude said nothing; but her quiet smile meant volumes.

George spoke little while dancing; he was nettled by the marked change in Clara's manner. He did not care a straw for the girl, but his vanity was wounded. He furtively watched her as she danced with Stephen Black—a singularly handsome man, he acknowledged to himself—and observed all her little airs and graces—the very arts which she had employed to please him not so long ago.

Ten minutes after, when George, mercilessly snubbed by Clara disconsolately sought his betrothed, his smarting vanity needing the balm of her unwavering devotion, he found her talking gaily with Mr. Black, who made no effort to conceal his appreciation of her society.

In one moment he had forgotten all about Clara and his petty annoyance on her account, while a pang of real jealousy seized his heart. For the first time in his knowledge of her he saw Maude entirely engrossed with another man, a former suitor, and his experience was not a pleasant one.

He stood beside her for some time, waiting for a word or look; but she had seemingly forgotten his very existance. By-and-by he quietly touched her hand.

"Will you give me your card, Maude?" he asked, as she looked around.

"Certainly," she smilingly answered; "But I'm afraid all the dances are gone."

He looked at it without a word; as she had said, there was not one dance left.

"I told you when we entered the room that you had better secure as many as you desired," she said, in answer to his look of reproach. And he, remembering his indifference, could answer nothing.

That was the most miserable evening George Campbell ever spent. Maude, in the gayest of spirits, was so absorbed by Stephen Black that he had no opportunity to exchange more than half a dozen words with her during the entire evening.

Mr. Black and Maude were still laughing and talking together in the corner of the ball-room. Near by stood George Campbell, his face dark with anger, when Clara came tripping towards him, her face wreathed with artificial smiles.

"Oh, Mr Campbell!" she cried; "I am in such a quandary! Uncle and aunt have gone home without me, and I have no escort; and it is so late!"

She paused and looked appealingly—not at George, but Stephen, fully expecting that he would offer to do escort duty. But he seemed blind and deaf to all but his companion, and George was forced to respond.

"I shall be glad to see you to your home, Miss Clara, if Miss Arthur will wait here until my return," he said, slowly and reluctantly.

At this moment Stephen suddenly recovered sight and hearing.

"Allow me to relieve you of the care of Miss Arthur," he courteously said, turning to George. "I have a carriage below, and shall be delighted to take her home."

Before the irate lover could answer, Maude spoke.

"Thank you, Mr. Black; that will adjust matters nicely," she said, with a bright smile. "You need give yourself no concern on my account, Mr. Campbell, but attend to Clara, if you please."

What could George say? His face grew darker than before as he stammered out something about being "glad to oblige all parties," then offered his arm to the no less discomfited Clara, and strode rapidly away. And it is certain that the little coquette never had a less entertaining escort than young Campbell was that night.

An hour later, Maude stood on the steps of her house, bidding Stephen Black good-night.

"And I may call to take you to ride to-morrow?" he said, on parting.

"Yes, I shall be delighted to go," said Maude; and then Mr. Black sprang into his carriage and drove rapidly away.

Maude turned to enter the house, when a well-known voice arrested her.

"Maude—one moment—I must speak to you!"

A gleam of amusement crossed the girl's arch face as she turned to confront her lover. Not that there was anything calculated to create amusement in the young man's appearance, for he was absolutely white with passion and jealousy.

"Why, George! is that you?" asked Maude in innocent surprise. "Where is Clara?"

"Confound Clara!" he exclaimed, too much in earnest to appear ridiculous. "If it had not been for her—but never mind that. Maude are you going out to ride with that fellow to-morrow?"

"Certainly I am," she coolly answered. "Why not?"

"Because I forbid it!" he hotly answered.

"My dear boy, you have as yet no right to forbid me to do anything," was the lofty response.

George ground his teeth together in impotent rage.

He felt that it would not do to take too high a hand with the girl in her present mood.

"I think," added Maude, as he remained silent, "that you have forgotten our agreement of last night. If you remember——"

"I remember nothing, except that I was a fool, Maude!" burst out, George, seizing her hand and holding it tight. "My darling, I have suffered so much to-night that I can understand how unfairly I treated you when I flirted with that artful little coquette——"

"My dear George," said Maude, solemnly, "I am surprised to see that you dislike Miss Vaughan. In my opinion she is a sweet girl, without——"

"Ah, Maudie, show me some mercy!" begged George, encouraged by the sly mischief in the girl's eyes to carry the hand he held to his lips. "I have behaved like an unmitigated idiot, and don't deserve forgiveness; but you'll not be cruel to me, will you, dear?"

For answer, Maude extended to him her other hand.

"Yes, Georgie, I forgive you," she said, meeting his ardent gaze with her frank, truthful eyes. "But you must let me accept Stephen's invitation for to-morrow."

"No, no, Maude—I cannot consent to that."

"Not if I tell you that he is my cousin's husband, and has been for the last two years, you dear, jealous simpleton? Oh, Georgie, I've only been giving you a lesson that you needed, and Stephen helped me with it. Don't you think we succeeded?"

And George, now radiantly happy again, admitted that they had.

Well, the lesson cured him.

From that time there was not a more devoted lover in the world than George Campbell.

The Gay Goshawk.

BY EDWARD BAYNE.

A GOSHAWK, who could speak like a parrot and had more sense than most men, once belonged to a Scottish squire, and seeing his master very sad and downcast thus addressed him.

"Dear master, your form is growing thin and your face wan.

"You sigh all day and moan all night. What distresses you? Is your enemy victorious? Or is your lady-love false to you?"

The squire, whose name was William, being used to converse with the bird, showed no surprise, but answered "My dear goshawk, you are quite right in thinking me sad, but you have not guessed what is the matter. It is not my true love who is unkind, but her father, and most of all her stepmother. They will not let me see her, and though I have written twice to her, I have no answer, and I am dying for a word from her, for a glance at her beautiful face."

"Master," cried the goshawk, "as you know, I can both fly and speak, and who will ever suspect a bird of being a messenger? Tie the letter under my wing and tell me where to go, and it will be hard if I do not get an answer for you."

The squire was delighted. He wrote a letter, tied it to his hawk's wing with golden thread, and told him where to find his lady's home, and away flew the hawk southward.

It was Sunday when he arrived at the lady's home. She was on her way to church, followed by her four-and-twenty handmaidens, and he knew her from the rest by his master's description, as well as by the splendor of her dress; and, flying on towards the church, he perched on a window-sill close to the lady's ear, and as he knelt, sing a strange song. It was this:—

"I bring a letter from your love—
Your love who can na win here.
I bring a letter from your love—
Your love who loves you dear;
For cruel is your step-minnie,
Who would part lovers dear."

The lady listened, and said nothing; but she looked up and saw the bird upon the window-sill, and knew it for her lover's goshawk, and she gave it a look that it well understood, so that it followed her home and sat on a branch outside her lower window and sang again; and the lady, sitting at table with her maidens, arose and bade them not to follow her, and went to the window and bent out, and spoke to the bird.

"You are Squire William's gay goshawk," she said. "Have you a message from him to me?"

The goshawk answered:

"Lady, I have a letter here. He has already sent you three, and he is dying for love of you; read, and send him an answer."

Then he perched upon her hand, and she untied the letter from his wing and read it.

"Go back to Squire William," she said, "and bid him, with all his armed spearmen, go down and wait at Mary's Kirk, for I will meet him there ere seven days are gone."

With this message the gay goshawk flew away to his master.

No sooner had he gone than the lady sent for her confidential maid, and bade her brew her a sleeping potion that should keep her in a trance for exactly seven days from the time of taking it; and retiring to her bed, bade her maidens tell her father and step-mother that she was very ill, and desired to see them.

When they came, she told them that she felt that she was about to die, and asked her father to promise to grant her one request.

The step-mother—who was her enemy—instantly whispered to him that this was only a ruse; that she would ask him to let her marry William; and then, having his promise, pretend to recover.

So the old lord, being under his second wife's dominion, answered.

"Anything you ask, my darling daughter, if only you do not ask me to give you to that Scottish squire."

And the daughter replied, "Oh, father dear! I shall be lying on my bier ere to-morrow night, and what I ask you is this: When I am dead, bury me in Scotland, at St. Mary's Kirk; let my kinsmen walk in procession and carry me across the Scottish border, and the first Scottish kirk that they come to bid them stop and have a mass said; and the second kirk that they pass bid them have the bells rung for me; but when you come to Mary's Kirk set down my bier before the altar, and light candles at my head and candles at my feet, and leave my old nurse with me until day-break, and if Squire William comes to see me let him kiss my forehead for the sake of our old love."

The old laird promised; the lady drank her sleeping potion, without anyone guessing what it was, and lay back on her pillow. As they watched her she grew whiter and whiter; her breath seemed to fail her, and at last she appeared to die. The cruel stepmother was still suspicious.

"Oh, take ye a drap of the burning lead,
And a drap on her bosom,
To see if she be dead."

she said; and even this test failed to make the sleeping girl give any sign of life.

Then all her kinsmen began to mourn, and her handmaids to make her a shroud and a pall, and to the pall they sewed a hundred silver bells. Then, to fulfil his promise, the old laird had his daughter laid upon her bier, ordered that she should be carried to Scotland and buried in Mary's Kirk.

The sad procession took its way northward at the dawn, and when they had crossed the Scottish border they stopped at the first kirk and had a mass said, and passed on to the second, and had the bells rung.

And when they came to the third it was Mary's Kirk, and the sun was down: and so they set the bier at the foot of the altar, and left it there with candles at its feet, and the old nurse at its side, as the laird had promised his daughter.

But as the bearers and the mourners left the church there came marching into the Kirk Squire William and fifty bold spearmen; and he stopped them and asked whose bier they bore; and they answered him, and told him why they left it in the kirk.

Then he lifted up his voice and wept, and said:

"It is my own true lady-love, who promised to meet me to-night at Mary's Kirk; and I will look on her face, and greet her with a kiss, though she be dead."

And then he marched into the church, and lifted the pall, with its tinkling bells, and bent and kissed her on the brow.

The kinsmen, despite their hate of him, were withheld by the promise of the old laird from interfering.

But even as his lips touched her, the power of the sleeping draught was over.

She awoke; her cheeks grew rosy, her lips red again.

She looked up, with bright, loving eyes, into her lover's face.

The Scottish squire was quick to wit. He understood the stratagem by which the lady had made her kinsmen bring her to his own land.

At a sign from him, his spearmen surrounded the bier, and, fighting their way through their opponents, bore it to his castle, where they were married at once by an old priest who dwelt there, while the gay goshawk, who was evidently a poet, perched on the gate and sang these words:—

"Gae hame, gae hame, ye seven brithers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn,
For you can say in the south of England
Your sister gave you scorn."

HANGING CHILDREN.—On the New Year's morning of 1812 a number of people were knocked down and robbed in the streets of Edinburgh, and some of them dangerously hurt. A constable died three days after in consequence of injuries received on the occasion, and also a clerk named Campbell. These outrages were committed chiefly by a band of idle apprentice boys, regularly organized for the purpose. It was the custom then for most respectable people to turn out when the old year was closing to "see in the new year," and hence the time chosen by the youthful banditti. In the month of March following three youths were tried for robbery and murder in connection with the above-mentioned outrages, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. The sentence was carried out, and they were all executed. One of them was 16 and two about 16 years of age. In 1811 a boy was tried for burglary and murder and executed at Coventry. He was between 16 and 17 years of age.

FEELINGS are a most important and necessary part of human nature. Out of them spring the joy and beauty of life. But they never can yield their best results unless they are under the control of reason.

A LINGERING LEAF.

BY J. C. H.

Thou leaflet ! fluttering all forlorn
On bough so bleak and bare,
In what sweet sunlight wast thou born ?
Amid what charmed air ?
Ah ! thou hast nought of beauty now :
No remnant of thy grace :
A solitary thing art thou
In this lone woodland place.

When all thy sister leaves rejoiced,
Thou wert as green, as gay :
And on this bough, all silver-voiced,
The linnet sang his lay :
Ah ? who so light and fair as thou,
A graceful Summer gem !
And who so brown and withered now,
Alone upon thy stem ?

Thou waitest but the icy breath
Of Winter keen and chill,
And then shalt fall to deeper death,
Tossed at the cold winds' will :
Perchance to wander like a ghost,
A waif, through sky and earth,
Spurned by every breeze, and tossed
As if in mimic mirth !

And many a year the spring shall wake
The earth with leaves and flowers,
And this bleak bough in bloom shall break
'Neath vernal suns and showers ;
And leaves as gay and light as thou
Shall flutter in the sun,
And cluster on this hawthorn bough—
So perish, lonely one !

Lenore's Outing.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

"LET Lenore come to the sea-shore with me," said Aunt Prunella to her sister. "She needs a change."

Pretty Mabel's eyes opened to their full extent as she glanced up from her book, and listened with all her might.

Aunt Prunella little knew what a favor she was asking, for around Lenore all the family machinery revolved.

"Oh, why not ask Mabel? Lenore is so useful, I don't see how I can spare her. Baby's so fretful, and she knows how to quiet her."

The little mother said this with a weary sigh, looking up at her rich, widowed sister, who did not know what it was to attend to four small children.

Aunt Prunella sprang up in her quick way, and taking the baby, put it in Mabel's lap, at the same time drawing Lenore's tiny figure to her side.

"She must come, sister! See her big eyes and her thin face—she needs a holiday. Let Mabel take care of baby. Now, no more about it—never mind fretting about clothes; I am going to have my own way and take Lenore with me."

The little mother always yielded in the end to her decided sister, and soon Lenore's big, brown eyes glowed with delight as she heard consent given to her aunt's proposition.

Mabel had always, when a child, been the favorite; but since Aunt Prunella had come back from her four years' residence in Italy, she seemed to have fallen in love with quiet, useful Lenore, and this was the result.

A wail went up from the little Alcotts as the car rolled away which carried their sister to the station, while to Lenore it seemed as if she were entering into fairy-land.

Such a holiday had never come before into her busy life, and as she sat in the swiftly-flying train by Aunt Prunella's side, her face fairly beamed at the thought of all the pleasure that lay before her.

She was such a quiet little thing that Mabel had always carried off the palm for beauty; but anyone seeing the expressive face now, with its lustrous brown eyes and with the unusual rosy color in the fair cheeks, would have surely looked again.

So thought, at any rate, a gentleman who was seated near.

"What a good, happy face!" he whispered to the young lady by his side, who had noticed the direction in which his eyes had been wandering for the last hour. "Do you not think so, Miss Marcelle?"

"Oh!"—rather pettishly—"you clergymen are always looking at 'good' faces; I must confess that I like pretty ones. That girl cannot be called beautiful."

"Tastes differ," Mr. Graham replied, somewhat tersely.

"I'm glad we're here at last. Lenore, hold my bag while I see to the luggage."

Some one passing caught the name. "Lenore—graceful and gentle like the owner," he thought; but the fashionable young woman by his side, with her multitudinous parcels, engrossed his attention so completely that he soon lost sight of the young girl who had so interested him.

But it was not long before he saw her again; and this time he had the pleasure of winning a glance from those soulful eyes which had so taken his fancy, as Lenore shyly bowed in answer to a friend's introduction.

"I like that new friend of yours, Lenore," said her Aunt Prunella. "He's worth a hundred of the affected youths one meets at places like this."

This was some time after they had first met Mr. Graham, and at her aunt's mention of his name the young girl's shy eyes drooped and hid their brown light under their lids, while a faint wave of color stole into the cheeks the healthy sea-air had already rounded a little.

Miss Marcella, the young lady whom Mr. Graham had escorted from the city to her parent's sea-side cottage, seemed to take a great fancy to Lenore. They formed a striking contrast when together, Miss Marcelle's tall fashionable-robed figure, and the slender, simply-clad maiden, to whom this gay life was as a page right out of a fascinating book.

Lenore scarcely fancied her new friend, but she could not repulse her advance without being rude, and so she seldom went far in her walks upon the sands before she would be joined by her.

As the days passed life seemed more and more to Lenore like a fair dream, for something in her heart told that the expression which filled Mr. Graham's earnest eyes whenever they met her own, meant that to him, she was growing to be the one nearest and dearest of all; and she was obliged to acknowledge herself that she, too had for him a feeling warmer than mere friendship, though as yet no words had been spoken.

Aunt Prunella looked on well pleased. She had often heard of the worthy, talented young clergyman, and knew that he was one of those who "practiced what they preach."

The time glided pleasantly by, until one day a yacht excursion was arranged, and Miss Marcelle went under Mr. Graham's care.

The enjoyment was at its height, the dainty noon-day banquet had been partaken of, and they were speeding gaily along, when suddenly a dark cloud appeared on the horizon. No one noticed it at first; but as the moments went on it grew larger and denser, and it was evident that a storm would soon be upon them.

The vessel was turned homeward, and most of the ladies, with white, alarmed faces, went below. A few of the braver ones staid on deck. As Lenore sat by the rail watching, with fascinated eyes, the approaching storm, someone came beside her.

"I see you are not much frightened, Miss Alcott," said Mr. Graham.

"Yes, I am a little," candidly replied Lenore.

Looking up, she met such an expression of love and longing in his dark eyes that her own drooped.

Seeing her confusion, he left her; while Lenore vainly tried to still the beating of her heart, which all the time was joyfully crying. "He does love me!"

The hour of suspense passed, and they were soon safe upon the shore again.

"So you enjoyed yourself for all your fright?" said Aunt Prunella, seeing her niece's happy face.

The next day Miss Marcelle called to see Lenore.

"I've a great secret to tell you," she said, "and I know you will be interested. Yesterday, as he saw me home, after he had left you, Mr. Graham asked me something—what it was I'll leave you to guess.

You know he has been attentive to me for a long while."

With a white face, Lenore listened. There could only be one meaning to what Miss Marcelle was saying.

Half an hour later, kneeling by her aunt's side, she begged to be taken home.

As Aunt Prunella smoothed back the brown hair, she saw that her niece was in serious earnest; but surmising it to be some lovers' misunderstanding, she asked no questions, promising it should be as she wished.

The next day Mr. Graham, coming back to ask for Lenore, was met with the answer that both her aunt and herself had gone that morning. Not until they were on their way to Lenore's home did Aunt Prunella ask and learn the cause of her niece's evident distress. With a brave effort to be calm, Lenore told her what Miss Marcelle had confided to her.

"Well, well, things now-a-days are very strange! In my time a young man did not show by every act his fondness for one, and then become engaged to another!"

"Please say no more about it, dear aunt," pleaded Lenore. "It was my own mistake."

So Lenore, much to her mother's surprise and delight, came home a full week before she was expected, and Miss Marcelle was left at the sea-shore (as she had shrewdly expected she would be) with the game in her own hands; for now that Lenore was gone, she thought, Mr. Graham could surely not withstand her fascinations.

Mabel clasped her sister in her young arms.

"We've missed you so much, Lenore! Home has not been quite the same without you."

Her loving words brought tears to Lenore's eyes.

She was glad to be home, after all, even though she knew she was not the same Lenore of a couple of months ago.

But none would have suspected, to see the sweet girl moving tirelessly about the little home, that she was suffering.

Aunt Prunella (who had decided to remain with her sister during the winter) thought to herself, "What a brave little thing it is! and what a mistake that young man has made!"

Three weeks went by, and one afternoon six-year-old Robbie came in from school with a shining silver piece tightly clasped in his chubby hand.

"Why, Robbie, who gave it to you?" inquired his mother, anxious to learn where he had obtained it.

"Oh, a gentleman—I don't know his name. I met him near the station, and he asked me to tell him where to find a lodging-house, so I walked along with him, and showed him where Mrs. Merril lives. Then he asked me my name, and when I told him he started and asked me if I had any sisters. I told him I had three—one pretty one—that's Mabel, and Lenore and a baby. Then he asked me if Lenore wasn't pretty too, and I said I thought she would be if she didn't cry so much. Then he gave me the money."

"Oh, Robbie!" exclaimed Lenore, "how could you?"

"But it's true," sturdily persisted Robbie. "Haven't I often seen you crying in your room?"

By this time her mother and Mabel were both regarding her with looks of anxious surprise. Their Lenore unhappy? What could be the matter?

Just then the bell rang, and Lenore escaped to her own room, little dreaming of the summons which was soon to come to her.

"Mr. Graham wants to see you in the drawing-room, Lenore," said Aunt Prunella a little later.

Then as she helped the girl's trembling fingers arrange her soft brown locks, she said, softly, "Darling, he is not engaged to Miss Marcelle at all. I have seen him, and he has confided to me that——But go to him, my dear child, and hear his story from his own lips."

Ah, happy moments of explanation in the little drawing-room! How easy it was to forget all the doubt and the pain of the past, with hand clasped in hand in the blissful present.

Thus Lenore's outing resulted in a joyful wedding, and Mr. Graham's flock greeted with cordial welcome the sweet young wife he introduced to them on his return home after his summer vacation.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.—Seven is the representative symbolic number of the Bible; it indicates completeness, perfection, or abundance. The idea probably originated from the association with the Creator's having finished his work on the seventh day. The Hebrews were not alone in the recognition of its significance. It prevailed to a certain extent among the Persians, who considered it a fortunate number; also with the ancient Indians, and among the Greeks and Romans, and probably among the nations where the week of seven days was established, as in China, Egypt and Arabia. Cicero calls it the knot and cement of all things. Its symbolism might be traced back to that of its elements, three signifying divinity and four humanity, which together indicate the union between God and man effected by "Our Father" in his creation, and constantly shown in his providence.

Every one has heard of the seven sleepers of Ephesus. The Christians were persecuted during the reign of the Emperor Decius, who went to Ephesus and ordered the erection of temples in that city. All who refused to worship were doomed to die. Maximian, Malchus, Marcian, Dionysius, John, Serapion and Constantine, seven Christian youths, were accused of not worshiping before Decius, and confessed their faith. They were allowed time to recant, during which they divided their goods among the poor and concealed themselves in a cave in Mount Celian, and Malchus, in disguise of a physician, procured food from the town. Search was made, which was of no avail, and they were walled in the cave. Three hundred and sixty years passed, and in the reign of Theodosius people began to doubt the resurrection of the dead. An Ephesian took stones to build a stable from the mouth of the cave. This awoke the sleepers, who seemed to have slept only one night. Malchus went to Ephesus to buy bread, and was surprised to see no one he knew, and to find signs of Christianity everywhere. He was followed to the cave by many, who, on seeing his companions, fell down and glorified God. Theodosius, on beholding them, embraced them. They told him that they had been brought back to life that he might firmly believe in the resurrection of the dead and then their souls returned to God. Edward the Confessor is said to have suddenly burst out laughing at one of his feasts. He said he saw the seven sleepers who, for two hundred years had lain always on their right sides, suddenly turn on their left.

BOYS SHOULD LEARN TRADES.—In all countries the workingmen boast that they form the backbone of the nation. Without entering upon the vexed question of who form the working classes, we think the most independent man in any country is he who learns a good and useful trade. Compared with him the poor clerk, salesman, and even many in the professions, have no calling or position that can bear a moment's comparison. If they thoroughly master their trade good workmen need never fear starvation; they will always be able to make a living. If trade is dull at one place they have only to change to another. Parents in most countries who are a little well off are too much disposed to turn up their noses at the trades, and instead of teaching their boys one, give them a first-class education, and then comparatively throw it away by putting them to what they falsely consider the more respectable employment of a clerk or salesman, that in general does not command half the remuneration. If parents would consult the future welfare of their children they will teach them trades. And if their circumstances render it unnecessary for them to depend upon the labor of their hands they can start the better in business in that trade on their own account; or if a reverse of fortune should happen they will have the power of earning a livelihood at their finger ends.

M. S.

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Scientific and Useful

WATER-PROOF CLOTH.—Berlin water-proof cloth is said to be prepared by saturating the cloth in a solution of acetate of aluminum and copper, and then dipping it successively in water-glass and resin soap.

COLORS OF DRIED PLANTS.—The slow immersion of a plant in a boiling of one part of salicylic acid in six hundred parts of alcohol, and then shaking off superfluous moisture, previous to pressing in the usual way between blotter-paper, will more nearly preserve the natural color than any other method.

MILK AS FOOD.—Milk is a food that should not be taken in copious draughts like beer or other fluids, which differ from it chemically. Milk should be slowly taken in mouthfuls at short intervals; and thus it is rightly dealt with by the gastric juice. If milk be taken after other food, it is almost sure to burden the stomach and to cause prolonged indigestion. The better the quality of the milk the more severe the discomfort will be under these conditions.

COLORED GLASS.—Colors are usually imparted to glass in the melting-pot; for blue, oxide of cobalt is used—for red or gold, sub-oxide of copper. Glass is stained by painting its surface with a fusible-colored glass ground to a fine powder and mixed up with gum-water or turpentine, and, after drying, then heating the painted glass in a furnace until the coating fuses. Collodion, shellac, or sphus-copal varnishes, properly colored with one of the coal-tar dyes, can in some cases be advantageously employed as a colored wash for white glass.

NEW BODY ARMOR.—In Leipsic some experiments were made with a cuirass made of a newly invented preparation of steel, which seems to offer great resistance to missiles. The metal was only three-fiftieths of an inch in thickness, and the inside of the cuirass was lined with a thin layer of wood. The entire weight of the piece of armor, which was intended to protect only the heart and lungs, was two pounds and a half; but of 11 rounds of ball cartridge fired at the cuirass at a distance of 175 yards, although eight of the bullets struck it, only two penetrated the metal, and these were found to be flattened and retained in the woolen lining.

CLEANING BRASS AND STEEL.—The Government recipe for cleaning brass, used in the arsenals, is said to be as follows: Make a mixture of one part common nitric acid, and one-half part sulphuric acid in a stone jar; then place ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. Dip the articles to be cleaned in the acid, then remove them into the water, after which rub them with sawdust. *The Manufacturer* says that rusted steel can be cleaned by washing with a solution of half an ounce of cyanide of potassium in two ounces of water, and then brushing with a paste composed of half an ounce of cyanide of potassium, half an ounce of castile soap, an ounce of whiting and sufficient water to make the paste.

Farm and Garden.

THE GREENHOUSE.—The greenhouse should have been in thorough readiness before this, that there may be no delay in bringing in the plants when the time arrives. Pots, moss, soil, and labels should be at hand in sufficient quantity. Bulbs to flower in pots should have a rich soil and be kept in a cool and dark cellar to form a good growth of roots. Hanging baskets need a good deal of water and shade for a few days after the planting.

BEETS AND CARROTS.—Beets and carrots are injured by freezing and should therefore be dug as soon as growth is completed. Parsnips and salsify are improved by frost, and only enough of these for present use need be dug; they may be packed in dry earth in boxes, and stored in the cellar. It is objectionable to store large quantities of roots in the house cellar, as foul gases are constantly rising through the house, making the air unhealthful to the inmates.

HANDLING SHEEP.—It is no way to grab a sheep by the wool by both hands and hold the sheep in that way. It causes the blood to settle and in some cases inflammation. Where one has no crook with which to grasp the hind leg, move carefully up to the side of the sheep wanted, seize it by the neck with both hands, pass one hand around the body, grasp the brisket and lift the sheep clear from the ground. In no case pull the wool.—In handling fattened sheep or ewes in lamb, put the hand and wrist about the neck and press the other hand against the rump and lift the animal in that way.

CLEANSING POULTRY QUARTERS.—It is customary to give the poultry-house a cleaning and whitewashing in the spring, and this should be repeated before the cold weather sets in. An English paper says: The henhouse should be thoroughly cleaned of all litter and manure, pens and boxes removed, and the walls washed twice over with lime solution, containing about one pint of impure carbolic acid to five gallons of whitewash. With soap and hot water containing a similar proportion of carbolic acid, wash and scrub the boxes, floor, perches, etc. and in addition to the carbolic treatment it is worth while to close up the house and burn on the floor, on a scuttle of live coal, a pound or two of flowers of sulphur.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 5, 1881.

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MEETING TROUBLE.

Troubles rarely come at the time and in the precise form in which they were expected. The disease which fastens itself upon us is very likely to be something of which we never dreamed. The traps in which business men are caught may be sprung in places that were thought most secure. Where a man expects to fail he may succeed best; and where he supposed he was sure to succeed, he may find himself laid prostrate. It is the bit of ice that we do not see which is most likely to trip us up.

The particular worryings that make us miserable to-day, a month hence may appear very trifling and absurd. Many of the trials that we brood over, in the dyspeptic watches of the night, vanish with the rising of the sun. It may well be considered then that nothing is gained by meeting trouble half-way.

It is true that "to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed," but we are not speaking of those calamities which might be averted if due caution were taken, but of such as are inevitable, if they occur at all. Every man is certain that, sooner or later, certain things must happen him which he has cause to dread; but it would be very unwise to allow these foreshadowings of the future to envelope our daily walks with gloom. We know that within a limited number of years we must either have closed our eyes upon all that is fair and beautiful here on earth, or else live on beyond the allotted span of life—a poor, shattered wreck, a burden to ourselves, and an incumbrance to our friends; because of this certain knowledge shall we go about crouching and groaning all the livelong day? We must either leave those who are near and dear to us here on earth, or they must leave us; but may we not enjoy their company and friendship as long as the light continues to shine?

And, finally, we must remember that the anticipation and fear of trouble may precipitate a calamity that might otherwise have been avoided. Imaginary troubles, after a while, may become real. The dread of a particular disease often induces it. Many a man has died of his imagination. Some persons are said "to die a thousand deaths in fearing one." The habit of anticipating trouble unnerves a man, and shakes him from his centre. There is none so helpless as the coward. Whatever our condition may be, the best thing we can do is "to accept the situation," and resign ourselves to it, if it cannot be remedied. Fortitude is another name for strength. The brave man escapes where the timid falls.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE extent to which Great Britain controls the ocean transportation of the world is shown by the statement that of the entire tonnage of the seas, amounting to 27,420,153 tons, 14,000,000 tons, or more than one-half, is controlled by that government.

—

A RELIGIOUS paper, in noticing an announcement that a rich man had "died and left" a large sum to the poor, suggests that it would read better, "he lived and gave"—not wait until he was dead, and then make a posthumous bestowment of his benefactions.

—

THE National Temperance Society has appealed to the President to use his official influence all ways so as to discourage injurious social drinking usages, to lessen the great and threatening evil of intemperance, and promote the ultimate suppression of the wasteful and destructive liquor traffic.

—

A BOSTON firm is reported to be doing a large business in making an imitation honey in the comb. The comb is moulded out of paraffine wax, in good imitation of the work of bees; the cells are then filled with simple glucose syrup, flavored doubtless with some genuine honey, and sealed up by passing a hot iron over them. The product is sold for the best clover honey, and much of it is said to be shipped to Europe.

—

AN Italian naturalist has been studying the eucalyptus tree, and finds it as valuable for destroying miasma as the most sanguine Californians have ever claimed it to be. It has extraordinary powers of absorption, the trunk of a full-grown tree taking up ten times its own weight of water from the soil in which it stands. This alone is often enough to purify a fever district, the superfluous miasma-breeding moisture in the earth being absorbed by the trees.

—

THE method for hazing adopted at Smith College, the popular institution in Massachusetts for girls, shows the superiority of the fair sex in one instance at least. Instead of being banged and dragged about, as is usually the case where boys are masters of the situation, the new-comers at Smith are led into the main hall, presented with bouquets, kissed affectionately, and then introduced into the Art Gallery, where they are petted and caressed to their hearts' content.

—

THIS is an age of shams, and there is hardly any prized substance which does not have its counterfeit more or less skilfully made. The latest thing of this sort is an imitation amber, which is being made in considerable quantities in Vienna, chiefly of colophony or rosin obtained by decomposition of turpentine, though several other ingredients are added. The imitation is said to be perfect. The production has even the well-known electric properties of amber, and insects and other foreign bodies have been introduced to make the likeness more striking.

—

THE Shah of Persia lately underwent the fearful operation of having a tooth extracted. Prayers for his safe passage through the ordeal were offered up in advance in the mosques, and he made his will and took an affectionate farewell of all his wives. Happily, however, he survived the awful event, and his faithful subjects showed their thankfulness by sending him in a single day, congratulatory offerings amounting to not less than three thousand dollars. The Shah will have another tooth pulled shortly.

—

THERE are reports in German journals of many emigrants who have started out for America with only means enough to get to Liverpool, or some other seaport. There, utterly destitute, they have been subjected to much suffering, and have finally been assisted in returning to their homes with public funds, merely to prevent their becoming permanent burdens on the public charities. These poor people set out with a vague notion that they would in some way be enabled to complete their journey.

—

A GENTLEMAN who carefully notes the habits of certain church-goers, says that one of his fellow worshippers took out his watch nine times during a short sermon, and arose three times to look at a thermometer which hung near his pew. While the minister was pronouncing the benediction this uneasy person shot out, and had reached the outer door when the "Amen" was uttered. Ministers find it very hard to preach to such restless creatures. The uneasy man seldom knows anything about the sermon, nor can he remember the acts of worship in which the congregation engaged.

—

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S latest cause for complaint is that his enthusiastic female admirers throw bouquets at him so recklessly when he appears in public in his carriage. He has frequently been struck in the face by the fragrant missiles, and on several occasions annoying contusions and bruises have resulted. Attempts to put a stop to the practice were made, but this only partially abated the evil. Some of the fair sex would not be restrained. This, however, has been so only during the Emperor's absence from Berlin for the purpose of meeting the Czar. In his capital city he is not troubled by such enthusiastic demonstrations.

—

VERY little has yet been said or written about the latest and most audacious act of vandalism which a long-suffering world has been called to endure. This is nothing less atrocious than the introduction of steamboats on the Grand Canal of Venice. The triumphs of a practical age have left few spots invested with the peculiar beauty and fascination which belonged to the world when it was younger, and one of these few spots is, or assuredly was, Venice. The presence of the steamboats tend to the rapid extinction of the gondolas, and when the gondolas have disappeared from the canals of Venice, very little of the poetry of motion will be left on earth.

—

WHILE from Germany and other European countries working-people are migrating in multitudes to America, France appears to be suffering from a scarcity of laborers. In some sections fabulously high wages are offered, and yet many farms and vineyards lie uncultivated because of the scarcity of help. It must be borne in mind, however, that great repugnance is felt to the work in vineyards on account of its laboriousness, so that workmen prefer any other occupation they may be able to obtain. One of the principal effects of the lack of available labor is the reluctance of French capitalists to invest their spare capital in land. On the other hand, house property in towns is a favorite investment, the value in rising towns increasing every year.

—

NEW cases of brutal cruelty in the German army are still being reported, notwithstanding the efforts of the higher military to put a stop to them. The latest instance is reported from Strasburg, where a half-witted private was maltreated in the most revolting manner by some of the subordinate officers. To cuff and slap him until he fell in his tracks, and then to kick him until weary of the sport, was nothing uncommon. The incident that finally brought this conduct to public attention was an officer's tying the man's hands and then beating him heartlessly with an iron ramrod. The poor wretch's legs were swollen so badly that for a week he could not dress himself. What has most aroused popular indignation is that the only punishment imposed upon the perpetrator has been fourteen days' incarceration in prison.

—

SOLITARY confinement is being successfully experimented with in certain parts of Europe. For this purpose cells of sheet-iron are being constructed that are somewhat of the nature of cages. Over the door and overhead there is a network of heavy wire. A number of these cells are placed side by side in one large room of a prison. The inmates can see nothing of each other, and no conversation is permitted. Youthful prisoners are especially subjected to this mode of confinement at night and during non-working hours, the object of it being to prevent the demoralizing influences resulting from imprisonment in common. This plan is pursued at present in Belgium, Italy and Ireland, and is soon to be introduced in Hungary.

—

SAYS a prominent London paper: For right or for wrong, for better or worse the facilities given to women for education have been extended. It now rests with themselves to justify the labors of those who have so earnestly and so successfully advocated their cause. That any essential alterations in the social life of England will be effected by the change we can scarcely expect, and certainly do not hope. The general relation of men and women will remain unchanged; aspiring girls will have credentials that will aid them as teachers or literary workers, and many women may find husbands that would rather converse with them in an intelligent appreciation of the last new work or important discovery than listen to so-called "society" scandals or the gossip of the hour.

—

THE wonderful progress made in China has been emphasized of late by a missionary of the London Missionary Society, who has been visiting in this country. Forty years ago it was a crime for a foreigner to learn the Chinese language, or for a Chinaman to teach it to him; and though a treaty was made in 1842, when the missionary went to China, twenty-five years ago there were only five places in the vast empire in which a foreigner might dwell. The great interior was still closed, as none might go further than could be reached in twelve hours from a treaty post. The whole empire is now open. Thirteen out of the eighteen provinces have been actually occupied by missionaries and their families, the Gospel has been preached in nearly all the principal cities and towns, and the Bible and many other forms of Christian literature are circulated everywhere.

The Russian Minister of Ways of Communication has issued a series of regulations for the settlement of disputes between passengers on railroad trains in regard to the right to close or open the windows. The rules are five in number, of which the first lays down the law that all windows are to be kept closed in winter time, while the carriage is being warmed. The second modifies this during the rest of the year, passengers having the right then to demand the opening of the windows if the temperature is not lower than 55° Fahrenheit. When this temperature is attained the stoves must be lighted and the windows kept hermetically closed. Rule No. 3 states that on the mercury rising above 35° Fahrenheit, all the windows in the carriage may be opened, subject, however, to the "unanimous approval of all the passengers present." Should there be a "side wind" all the windows on the windward side are, by Rule 4, to be closed, and a demand may be made for the general opening of the windows on the other side of the carriage. Finally, by Rule 5, the Minister orders that, in all quarrels between passengers regarding carriage windows, the head conductor is to be applied to, and his decision is to be binding.

OLD DREAMS.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

Where are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O Spring: in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not; the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long:

The footfall and the sweeping robes of Spring,
How once I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved, I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yestereve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queen songstress, in the beech;
And for one moment Heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.

One moment,—it was passed: the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane:
Night, like a mist, clothed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

So near is Eden; yet so far; it lies
No angel-guarded gate, too far for sight;
We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
Still seek it every way except the right.

"Twitters."

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER III.

IT was evening in London on the same day—a close, sultry, oppressive evening, with dark woolly clouds gathering one above the other overhead, and distant rumblings beginning in the copper-colored horizon, and gradually drawing nearer and nearer, as Rex Wyndham entered the showy drawing-room of a stylish-looking house in St. John's Wood.

A pale sickly twilight still lingered in the threatening sky, lighting the upper surfaces of the leaves in the Regent's Park; and the windows of the house in question were thrown wide open to catch such faint puffs of air as might still be lingering in the close dusty street or stirring the thirsty-looking petals of the geraniums and calceolarias in the balcony; but within the gas had already been lit, and under the full glare of the large glass-dropped chandelier sat Adelaide Scott, half-reclining in a comfortable *causeuse*, the saffron-velvet cushions of which set off the rich folds of her black-satin robe, the magnificent bust and arms, white and firm as if carven out of marble, the large lustrous eyes, and masses of blue-black hair, which she wore curling thickly over her low forehead and twisted into a wavy coil behind.

Her complexion was so very brilliant, taken in conjunction with such eyes and hair, that a cynical observer might have attributed its pure pearl and carmine to another source than nature.

But, be this as it might, she was a wonderfully handsome woman; and so the military-looking gentleman leaning over her chair and whispering in her ear seemed to think, for he never took his eyes off the charms so lavishly displayed except to raise them with a sudden scowl at Rex's entrance.

There were two other men in the room, one lounging in rather a free-and-easy manner at the window smoking a cigarette, the other sitting before a tiny inlaid table conning the evening paper, with an unlit cigar between his lips.

Both of these, however, moved as the door opened, and greeted Rex's entrance with a cheerful "How do, Wyndham?" Captain Scott, the last described, adding,

"I began to wonder what had become of you. Are we going to have a storm? The sky looks anything but lively."

"Yes, I think we shall have rain before long," said Rex carelessly; and then he came across the room and shook hands with Adelaide, whose brilliant eyes were fixed with more of inquiry than tenderness on his face.

It wore a decidedly grave expression at the moment.

"Truant!" said she, shaking a pretty forefinger at him.

"Where have you been these two days, not to come near us? Do you know Mr. Hawkshaw, by the way? Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Hawkshaw. And now sit down, and tell us the news."

"What news?" asked Rex, after a cold bow had passed between him and the other man, who evidently resented his appearance. "Public or private?"

"Not public, certainly, if you mean the war; for I am heartily sick of it.

"One hears nothing but war, war, war all day and every day; and I don't care a—a hang for home politics (Mr. Hawkshaw, are you very much shocked at my little bit of slang? It is Bertie's fault; he teaches it me); though, by the way, Rex, that reminds me I was going to ask you who represents your borough?"

"What borough? Daneminster!"

"Yes; your grandfather doesn't does he?"

"No, he never cared for politics. Mr. Nesbit of Thurston Hall—Nesbit, the soap-and-candle people, you know—is the member at present; but he's not popular, even with the Liberal party, and there's a talk of his seat being contested at the next election."

"Then why don't you stand for it, Rex? It's your proper place to do so; and of course you would have your grandfather's interest, and all that. I'm sure it would be awfully jolly to see you at the hustings, making a speech and getting pelted with rotten eggs."

"Thanks. I'm afraid, however, you never will see me in that position; so you must make up your mind to enjoy it in imagination only."

"But why, Rex?" Miss Scott persisted, in a tone of greater earnestness than she had used before.

"I should like to see you in Parliament; and—and when you come into your property you will want something to do during the season, when we are up in town, you know, and there is no shooting or hunting."

"You forget that the property is not mine, Adelaide and very likely will never come to me at all.

"Besides, even if desired a seat in the House, which I don't, my political principles are much too opposed to my grandfather's for him to support me; and I am far too poor to stand a contest at the elections without him."

"Principles!" repeated Adelaide vaguely; "but surely no one thinks about them in politics."

Then, losing sight of that part of his answer for another more important, "But what do you mean by the property not coming to you? Why should you suppose a thing? Have you—Rex, I am sure of it by your face—you have heard from Sir Wyndham since I saw you! Am I not right?"

"Yes, I had a letter this morning; not from him exactly—from my mother, but written at his direction."

"And—and what did he say?"

If a face could show changes of color under a stratum of rouge and chalk, Miss Scott might have been seen to pale as she spoke. Her lips did tremble; and Mr. Hawkshaw, who had retired in disgust to the other side of the room when he found himself neglected for the new-comer, wondered, with jealous curiosity, what Rex could have been saying to awaken such evident interest and excitement in his fair hostess.

"Nothing about the property at all," Rex answered, dropping his voice so that only Adelaide should hear him, though in other respects his manner was as indifferent and unloverlike as possible.

"It refers to my own affairs—our affairs, I ought to say; and I came to tell you about it.

"He says he will settle three hundred a year on me on certain conditions; and offers me his interest besides to get me a berth in the Home Office, with a commencing salary of half as much again.

"So that fixes me in London, as of course I shall accept. I should be a fool to do otherwise.

"As to the property, it is not entailed, as you know, and he may leave it to any one he pleases.

"There are two Wyndhams in India, second cousins of mine, and one of them used to be rather a favorite with my grandfather when he was a lad.

"He's coming home on furlough this winter; and my mother mentions in her letter that the governor has asked him to spend his Christmas with them."

"Asked him to Gorseleigh while he sends you away?" said Miss Scott, with a sudden contraction of her black and level eyebrows. "H'm-m!"

"As to sending me away, I confess I don't see it," Reginald answered proudly.

"It is very kind of him to get me this berth; and, of course, I should have left Gorseleigh in any case before my marriage. That goes without saying."

"I don't see that at all," said Adelaide; "your grandfather has six thousand a year, hasn't he? and in a great house like Gorseleigh there must be room for a dozen couples.

"Besides, one would be glad of the companionship of her son and his wife; though, by the way, she has a companion—some girl—living with her, has she not?"

The question was put carelessly; but the sudden flush and frown which gathered over Rex's sunburnt face did not escape his fiancee's notice.

He answered, grimly enough "Miss Travers, the orphan child of our late curate, lives at the Hall as one of the family.

"My grandfather adopted her when her father died; and to my mother she is exactly the same as though she were her own child."

"Perhaps the squire will marry her to this cousin of yours, and leave *them* the property," suggested Adelaide meditatively.

"Is that what you were thinking of, Rex? It would be a disagreeable lookout, certainly."

Perhaps Rex agreed with her in the last observation; for the frown on his brow deepened, and he answered hastily,

"That will never be—at least I mean it is not in the least probable."

"You don't think the old gentleman would like it?" said Adelaide calmly.

"But of course it would be a great chance for a girl in her position; and I don't doubt she will make a dead set at him.

"Why, my dear Rex, what have I said? You look as black as thunder.

"Has she been making a dead set at you? Ah, now come and confess!"

Rex Wyndham colored angrily.

"You are perfectly wrong, Adelaide.

"Miss Travers is a young lady of far too much modesty and purity to even— But why on earth should her name be dragged into the matter at all?"

"Why on earth shouldn't it, unless it be too precious? I declare I begin to feel quite jealous.

"What is this *schone Madchen* like?"

"Like a quiet little English girl, and nothing in the least in your style.

"How can you be so absurd, Ada? What is she to you?"

"My dear boy, don't be cross. Miss Tanner—or whatever her name is—is nothing to me except as regards you; that is (don't be conceited, I was only joking just now) as a possible rival in your grandfather's affections.

"Is he fond of her?

"Yes."

"But I thought you were a great favorite. You always gave me to understand so at Baden Baden."

"So I am, when I do everything in exact accordance with his will and pleasure, and don't run against him in any way."

"Well, and have you done the latter now?

"By the way, you never told me how he received the news of—of our engagement.

"Did he not think me very foolish to bind myself to such a wilful, headstrong, passionate boy?"

This was said playfully, and Adelaide's long white fingers were stretched out, and rested with a pretty caressing touch on her lover's arm.

"You must know I fully expected a civil message from him, or at least a letter from your mother.

"It would have been only friendly."

"You must not be *exigeante*, Adelaide.

"Recollect they do not know you yet, and naturally the news was a great surprise to them.

"My grandfather always expects to be consulted on every family arrangement before it is decided."

"And he is very angry that you omitted to do so, and preferred to choose your own wife for yourself. Is that what you mean?"

"He is not pleased, certainly; but you see he has not cut us adrift altogether, as he might have done if he had chosen."

"H'm! You gloss it over, but I am not flattered; and (of course I don't want to blame you, dear) but I can't help thinking that you must have managed matters down there rather badly.

"You know you are rather brusque and hasty in your manner sometimes.

"I wish your grandfather had seen me."

"But as that is is out of the question—"

"I don't see why it need be. In fact, I think he ought to see his—his future granddaughter," laughing a little affectedly, "before any arrangements are made, which could not be easily altered afterwards.

"People often take a prejudice against others whom they never saw; but, frankly I don't think—do you?—that I am repulsive; and I love you so well, that I should be grieved beyond measure if I were the cause of even a doubt as to your coming into your own property.

"Do you not think—it seems so awkward for me to have to suggest it—but surely if you proposed to bring me down on a visit for a day or two to your mother—it is only natural that she must wish to see me before I become her daughter; and I believe she is too delicate to come up to town, or I am sure I should be most happy—"

"That is quite out of the question, at present at any rate," Rex interrupted hastily.

"I am very sorry, and I hope you don't think me indifferent about it, Adelaide; but if you knew my grandfather, or understood the frame of mind he is in just now, you would see for yourself that I could not possibly hint at such a thing.

"I am sure you will find my mother all that is kind and affectionate after our marriage; and as to the property, it is a matter of very little consequence to us.

"It is not mine.

"Indeed it has not even come down in the direct line hitherto; for my great grandfather passed over his eldest son for some offence in favor of the second, my grandfather, so I have the less claim to it; and let it come, or let it go, I must say I care very little at present.

"Anyhow, Sir Wyndham is strong and hearty enough to live another twenty years with ease; and in the mean while, £2,500 a year ought to be enough for us to begin upon: so now, Adelaide, do let us put the subject of Gorseleigh aside. I came here this evening to ask you about a matter far more nearly concerning us; and I want you to be amiable and willing to please me about it.

"I am sure you must know my chief wish is to please you."

Rex had been standing till now; but as he said this he sat down, and drew his chair as near as to his betrothed the voluminous folds of her skirts would permit.

She could not help noticing the sudden paleness which had come over his brown cheek; but there was a decision in his tone which prevented her interrupting him, and she only looked at him inquiringly.

CHAPTER IV.

"I HAVE told you," Rex began rather nervously, and speaking with unwonted slowness, "that I only learnt this morning what my income is to be.

"In fact, if I had not been feeling rather anxious for—for both our sakes about the matter, I should not have stayed away yesterday or the day before.

"Now that it is settled, however, and on the whole I must own better than I had expected, I want you to do what I have only been waiting for this knowledge to ask you, and fix the day.

"Let it be soon. We have nothing to wait for, you know; and I should like to write to my grandfather to-night and tell him that I gratefully accept his proposals."

Surely never lover yet pressed for the completion of his happiness in tones of greater gravity and constraint, and perhaps Miss Scott felt it so; for she sat pouting her full scarlet lips, and plaiting and unplaiting the softly shining folds of her black dress without even glancing at her lover's face in reply.

"Shall we say this day month?" Rex went on.

"That is time enough for a trousseau, isn't, Ada? and I can take a small house and furnish it; or, if you preferred it, we might go into furnished apartments till you saw something that you liked.

"I don't know much about house-hunting or furnishing myself; but something must be fixed on, and I think the sooner the better, eh?"

Still Ada said nothing; but she threw back her head with a sudden movement which might have been fatigue; and Captain Scott, who was watching her none the less closely for the animated conversation he was keeping up with his friends, left them and came across the room to her side.

"How frightfully spoony you two people are!" he said, laughing.

"You've sat whispering there all the evening. Come, rouse up and give us a share in your charming society, both of you. Ada, you look sad."

"Reggie is teasing me to fix the day," said Adelaide petulantly. "He wants it to be in a month, impatient fellow!"

"And why not?" put in Rex. "Look here, Scott, I learnt to-day what my income will be: Four hundred and fifty pounds a year to begin with.

"Quite enough to keep a wife on; and so, as I told your sister, where is the use in delay?"

Adelaide's eyes met Captain Scott's in a steady glance.

Four hundred and fifty!" repeated the latter slowly.

"Ha! the old man is not very liberal to you, seeing that his income is—what was it you told me once?—six thousand a year."

"And he only gives Rex three hundred a year" muttered Adelaide.

"The poor fellow is to be made to work for the rest in some horrid Government office."

"I had no claim to expect as much," observed Reginald in reply, "and as to work, there is nothing I desire more. Surely, Adelaide, you would not like me to pass my life in idleness?"

"And how did your grandfather take the news then?" asked Captain Scott calmly. "Amiably, I conjecture, as you seem so well satisfied. Well, I am glad; though I suppose the next thing you will want is to carry off Ada to Gorseleigh to introduce her to your family. Hard lines for me, as I'm to lose her altogether so soon; but—"

Adelaide interrupted him.

"Not all," she said, with a short hard laugh; "I am not to be intruded upon that halcyon spot, don't be afraid.

"A furnished cot in Islington or Clapham is to be the summit of our aspirations when we are married.

"That is the programme Reggie has just been laying down for me; and after all what could one want more?"

"Ada, that is unfair—" Rex began, but was checked rather imperiously by his brother-in-law to be.

"Come, come," said the latter hastily, "all this folly, and we mustn't neglect our friends any longer for it to-night. To-morrow will do well enough for our own affairs and business details; and if you look in about three o'clock, Rex, we'll talk them over comfortably. Now, Ada, sing us a song. Hawkshaw has been getting rabid for one this half-hour back. He says he never heard anything like your French student choruses; and, Wyndham, come and have a cigar. You mustn't look solemn over a young lady's sauciness, even if she is your sweetheart. I'll bet anything she'll make it up to you later."

Rex said nothing, but he followed the Captain with rather a weary step to the round table in the window, where a couple of fresh packs of cards and a tray with bottles and glasses had just been placed; while Adelaide, after a few light words with the other gentlemen, glided to the piano, and soon set the little room and the quiet terrace without ringing with her powerful voice in a gay refrain of a well-known ballad from the Quartier Latin.

As he went away that night Reginald wondered vaguely within himself whether, in the event of Adelaide ever going to Gorseleigh, she would choose that song to sing to his grandfather. Unfortunately, like a good many gentlemen prone to considerable license of tongue in themselves, Sir Wyndham Wyndham was exceptionally fastidious with regard to women and their ways.

Rex little thought how he himself was being discussed at that moment.

"It's no good talking, Bertie," Miss Scott was saying imperiously; "I showed him what I thought, and I meant to do so.

"I'm willing to give up a good deal to get out of this hamper of debts and disagreeables and endless anxiety; but live in some stupid, small, poorly furnished house in a cheap part of London, and marry a sulky young clerk in a Government office! No, thank you, I won't; so there's an end of it. I hope I can do something better for myself than that, and therefore the sooner we go abroad again the better."

"Don't be a fool, Ada," retorted Captain Scott roughly.

"A 'sulky young clerk' who will be Sir Reginald Wyndham with an income of six thousand a year in the course of a very short time is not to be thrown over so lightly. Please to remember that you were thirty-two last Saturday, and that you are already beginning to get a trifle faded, by the side of fresh young girls. In a year or two more—"

"Thanks, Bertie," his sister broke in impetuously.

"You're very frank, deliciously so, and I've no doubt quite correct in all your calculations; but if you please we'll leave 'a year or two more' to take care of themselves; and, as Reggie said to-night, his grandfather may last another twenty for aught we know."

"Pshaw! a gouty old man who's lived well all his life and has a vile temper! He'll not last three."

"I'll not wait three," cried Adelaide, vehemently; "and I'll not marry on the

chance of a losing game. Besides, it's a horribly risky thing. Suppose—I don't like to think of it—but suppose that other man were to turn up, and—"

"Are you mad, Ada? What is the good of frightening yourself about a fear that is past, dead and buried like the man himself?"

"So you say. So I think; but after all, how can we be certain? Hold your tongue, Bertie; this is my affair. The loss it is to be, will be my loss; while only the gain—"

"Well, the gain will be yours too."

"Not at all. The gain will be yours, and you know it."

"You think nothing then of becoming Lady Wyndham, with a large income, a fine estate, and a handsome young husband, whom you can twist round your finger?"

"That's your opinion, not mine. My vanity has not blinded me quite so far; and let me tell you one thing, the woman who winds Rex Wyndham round her finger will have a precious long and a precious strong finger too. He's tired of me already."

"Nonsense! Why, he was urging on the wedding to-night."

"Yes, with a face like a walking funeral."

"Pooh, pooh, Ada! These are mere fancies. I'm sure at Baden Baden the lad worshiped your very shadow."

"My dear Bertie, that was one time, and this is—another. At present it is his worship which is the shadow. Indeed, I shouldn't wonder if he had got taken with some other girl these six weeks he was over here himself. He grew as red as fire when I spoke—quite accidentally—of his mother's companion; so, just to draw the goose out, I improvised a match between the girl and some cousin of his, and I declare I thought he would have eaten me by the face he made."

"Then the only proper thing to do is to marry him at once.

"Or not at all! gently, Bertie, don't be in a hurry. I daresay you want to be on the safe side, and that you're thinking that in a year or two I mayn't be quite as much use to you pecuniarily as I have been. All of which is very pretty, and just as generous and grateful as I expected from you; but, on the other hand, I've got myself to look to, and I don't mean to become Mrs. Reginald Wyndham unless I'm quite sure it will be for my own advantage so to do, both now and afterwards.

"Then, in fact, you mean to take the reins into your own hands?" said Captain Scott, rising suddenly and speaking between his teeth, in a manner which made his sister start uneasily.

He was a smallish, gentlemanly-looking, pale-complexioned man, with a somewhat lazily indifferent manner in general, and (in public) one of uniform gallantry and deference to his sister, who indeed seemed to rule him in the most queenlike manner; but underneath this exterior there lay a will of iron and the temperament of a despot and when roused to anger Adelaide herself knew that no tiger could be more pitiless or ferocious, and cringed and trembled before him accordingly, like any weak womanly woman, and very unlike the gorgeous Semiramis who had trilled out the students' chorus of "Bacchus et les Amours!" one brief hour since.

"You mean to take the reins into your own hands, do you?" the Captain repeated, raising his voice a semi-tone at every word. Do so, then, and go to the deuce if you like, for you'll get no help from me unless you do my bidding; and that I tell you fairly. If you think I can't do without you you're mistaken, and the sooner you learn it the better; for I'll prove it to you in a week if you like, and could have done so any time these two years. Use to me! Well, I daresay you may have been of use, but pray have'nt I been the same to you? and could you have lived at fine hotels, worn smart gowns and jewelry, had your fling in every way as you have done for half a dozen years back, without me at your side?

"Now, look here, are you going to be a mad fool or not? For if you are, say so, and go your way while I go mine.

"Whose interest do you suppose I'm thinking of in this matter if not yours? and don't you think I know better than you what is your interest, or have you forgotten what a bungle you made of young Ledochowski, and how you owned yourself you had let me manage that tight-fisted little French marquis?

"Fact is, you woman can never see an inch beyond the things right in front of your nose, while we look to right and left of it, and so get a tolerably clear view all round.

"But as to you, Ada, you're worse than women in general, for you always lose your head just in the wrong place, you're so deucedly short-sighted and hot-tempered, and that's exactly what you're doing in the present.

"Can't you see that if old Wyndham meant to disinherit his grandson, he'd have done so now, in the first anger of hearing of his engagement, instead of waiting to do it afterwards—a man proverbially touchy and quick tempered? and that if he has cooled down already in tacitly sanctioning the marriage by making the lad an allowance, he'll do so still more in a few weeks' time, and probably end by wanting him back at the Hall, and you too, before your honeymoon's over?

"Why the game's in your own hands, and a game worth winning too, when you think what the stakes are, if it were not too ridiculously easy for a handsome girl like you, with no antagonist but an old man, who we know from his grandson has a decided *penchant* for pretty women."

"You forgot Mrs. Wyndham, Bertie," said Adelaide, but rather meekly than argumentatively, and further softened by the compliment in the last sentence.

"No, I don't forget her; thought I should hardly think her worth remembering even as an ally, with the chances you have already; a poor weak woman, devoted to her son, and probably ready to cut off her head at his bidding.

"I know all about the household, I tell you; and though I don't deny that you've got to be civil to her, and prudent generally for a good while to come, till in fact you've got your foot well into the Hall and the Baronet under your thumb, once you've done that I expect you may keep the box-seat, and drive pretty well how and where you please.

"Only you must mind your pace at first, Ada, and do the gentle, high-bred wife and submissave daughter-in law pretty strongly.

"If you don't, or if you give in to any of your old habits or bursts of temper, you'll just ruin yourself, and spoil the best chance you'll ever have in all your life to come.

"You're not getting younger, you know, fly out at me as much as ever you like for saying so."

"I'm not going to fly out at you, and you needn't be afraid," said Adelaide good-humoredly. "It will be rather fun to enslave papa-in-law, and oust that 'quiet little English girl, who is not at all in my style' (I owe Master Reggie one for that!) from her post as favorite number one with the old people. By the way, mightn't Sir Wyndham Wyndham be a better catch than his grandson after all? Bertie, you're awfully clever and far-sighted, but I really think I am cleverer than you sometimes, and I'm not so tyrannical either. You do tyrannise over me fearfully, you know."

"If I do it's for your good, and you can take it out by tyrannizing over Wyndham afterwards."

"And you really think, then, that there is no fear of—of—that our secret will ever come to light?"

"How should it? Have you forgotten that it came to an end five years ago? I tell you I won't have you think of such nonsense. You're quite safe and have been this ever so long."

"Then give me another glass of that dry champagne, and I'll go to bed, or all this bother and talking will make me as haggard and yellow as a witch for my lover to-morrow. I say, Bertie, you don't think I was too cross? He's sure to come, isn't he?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREEK AND TURKEYS.—In a convivial party at the Palace during the life of George, Prince of Wales, one of the guests designedly introduced the subject of the traveling powers of the turkey and the goose, and declared that the turkey would outstrip the goose. The Prince who placed great reliance on his judgment in subjects of his nature, backed his opinion. A match was made with another gentleman present, of 20 turkeys against 20 geese, for a distance of 10 miles, the race to be for $2500, and as the turkey party hesitated not to lay two to one in favor of their birds, the Prince did the same to a considerable amount, not in the least suspecting that the whole was a deep-laid plan to extract a sum of money from his pockets. The Prince deputed as friend to select 20 of the most wholesome and high-feathered birds which could be procured, and, on the day appointed he and his party of turkeys, and the supporters of the party of geese, set off to decide the match. For the first three hours everything seemed to indicate that the turkeys would be the winners, as they were then two miles in advance of the geese; but, as night came on, the turkeys began to stretch out their necks toward the branches of the trees which lined the sides of the road. In vain the Prince attempted to urge them on with his pole, to which a bit of red cloth was attached; in vain he dislodged one from its roosting place only to see three or four others comfortably perching among the branches; in vain was the barley strewn upon the ground. In the meantime the geese came waddling on, and in a short time passed the turkeys, whose party were all busy among the trees attempting to dislodge the birds, but further progress was found impossible, and the geese were declared the winners.

ORIGIN OF QUARRELS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of a rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant. M. S.

In the office of a well known physician in Pittsburg is preserved "the smallest heart that ever beat in a human breast, so far as the records show." The organ is less than one-fourth the average size, and, strangely enough, it belonged to one of the "big-hearted" men in the West. He was whole-souled, generous, sympathetic, gentle, and brave as a lion.

That Poor Bedridden

Invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer when so easily cured?

Our Young Folks.

THE IMAGE-BREAKER.

A LEGEND OF ST. ROCH'S CHAPEL.

FAR AWAY in Brittany, in France, at the base of the Arhez hills, fenced round by gloomy forests and huge rocks, stand yet the ruins of the ancient chapel of St. Roch.

Its sad history is a very brief one.

There is no need to travel back across a line of centuries; we may start with the days of the great French Revolution of 1798, when the chapel still formed a part of the manor of St. Roch.

Towards the close of the last century both house and manor belonged to a nobleman who in his lifetime used the greater portion of a slender fortune in charitable deeds.

Having no children when he came to die, it was his wish that the estate should be sold.

Ere long it found a purchaser in one Penvern, a wealthy manufacturer, a grasping, hard-hearted, avaricious man, who spent as little as he could of all the money that he had got together.

The peasantry, as they gradually discovered his true character, gave him the nickname of Falloch, which meant that, of bad men, he was one of the worst. Falloch had no wife—it is seldom that misers afford one; he lived with an only sister Brigitta, who was known and loved for her piety of life, just as her brother was detested for his selfish and ungodly ways.

It was Brigitta's daily custom to visit St. Roch's Chapel. She found great solace in being able to retreat thither; and held it no small privilege to have this sacred place of prayer so nigh at hand. Her grief may be pictured on being told by Falloch one day, when in drink, that it was his intention to demolish the chapel, as, being in league against church and saints, he was resolved to have nothing which would encourage Christian faith upon his land.

The broken stonework should be sold for what it might fetch, and the whole structure was to be razed to the ground.

Brigitta, at the news, could only remonstrate with prayers and tears.

On the next night St. Roch appeared to her in a dream, with pale and weary face.

"Weep not, my daughter," he said, "because that the sinful have fixed to molest my abode. It is right that this is so; the Almighty wills it, that men may gain a lesson thereby. Yet while the weather is now so bleak, I prithee let it be thy charge, my daughter, to keep some nook of shelter for me and for my poor dog."

This dream brought comfort to the good Brigitta, and when the day came on which the chapel was to be broken down and ruined, she went there and prayed.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the loud voices of two men, who clattered into the chapel, carrying a ladder, a pickaxe, a hatchet, and several other implements.

One of the men, having set the ladder against the wall, was going to climb up it, when his companion, a youthful peasant, interrupted him with a question:

"What think you, master Peter, of this work that we are about to begin?"

"Think," said the other, with a laugh, "why I don't think anything at all about it. The old fellow pays us a good price, 'tis all we need care about."

"Nay," answered the first speaker, "but it isn't all: I feel somehow that I dare not help you in this business. What is the poor St. Roch to do, if we rob him of his home?"

"Join the other beggars of the parish, of course; and take to poaching on Falloch's preserves, by way of a revenge!"

"Yet listen, master Peter, just think for a moment before you—Oh! Heavens, what is that? See, see there, in the corner—an angel! look where it kneels before the statue!"

Why, you fool, it's a woman," laughed the other; "it's only that Sister Brigitta; and Falloch told us to give no heed to her!"

So saying, he mounted the ladder, and with his hatchet began to deal heavy blows at one of the beams in the roofing.

A shriek escaped Brigitta,—so loud was it that the chapel rang with the sound.

In the same instant the ladder slipped, and with a crash the man lay senseless and bleeding upon the stone pavement below.

Brigitta ran forward to help him.

His collar-bone was broken.

The other workman through fright had fled, so Brigitta was obliged herself to fetch some water from a brook hard by, with which she bathed his face and brow.

By her aid he was just able to get back to his home; and as she walked with him, he added to his gratitude the solemn pledge that he would never again raise his hand in defacement of a house set apart for God no matter how heavy was the bribe held out to him.

Falloch, whose wicked purpose had been thus at the outset foiled, felt now all the more fixed in his mind that the chapel, come what may, should be utterly set in ruins.

It was as if the saint had defied him; the very thought maddened him.

So he hired a gang of vagabonds from the nearest town, and these, being promised a heavy fee, were not slow to do his bidding.

All of the broken masonry and woodwork which had any worth in money was sold; only the four walls were left.

Yet the ruffians, although they made a wreck of everything, forbore to touch the image of the saint.

There it remained, standing in its old niche, just where it had always been.

This being so, Brigitta to her delight was still able to go down in the morning or at sunset to pray there among the ruins.

But before long her brother heard that St. Roch's image had not perished with the rest, but that it was still unhurt.

With a bitter oath, he vowed to wreck his vengeance upon it; this time, however, there should be none to do the work for him, he would destroy it with his own hand.

Accordingly, on one gloomy evening, as it was getting dusk, he set out across the fields in the direction of the chapel.

At the bend of the lane he passed by a mill.

The cheerful glow of firelight through the cottage-panes led him to stop and go in.

There sat Furik, the miller, who at once hailed him with jovial voice, just as millers will, when they are finishing their second bottle.

Furik was a friend of Falloch's, a stupid easy-going fellow enough, though he was all too fond of a glass.

Thus they sat drinking and shouting together for some time, and Falloch resolved to persuade his host to come with him on his wicked errand; this he found easy enough to do.

When they reeled out into the cold air it was already quite dark.

With many a jest and many a brutal threat, they stumbled along by the path that led towards the chapel.

And now the moon rose like a red lamp over the brow of the hill.

Her light, though now and again hidden by strips of flying cloud, made it easier for them to find their way.

Very soon they had reached the ruins and the niche where the saint's statue yet stood.

A dark cloud swept across the face of the moon, louder and louder grew the wail of the wind, while above it could be heard the sad cry of night-birds.

Then came a lull in the breeze.

Falloch stopped to whisper in the other's ear:

"Here, Furik, take this pickaxe and hew down that cornice with the image that stands on it: if you will, I promise to take three crowns off your next quarter's rent."

"Three crowns, eh? Well, 'tis a good sum enough; but to break a poor saint to bits like that—I can never risk doing such a thing!"

"Well, come, I'll make it six crowns; what say you? Is it a bargain?"

"Six crowns! that's a lot of money, surely!" and Furik's hand half grasped the pickaxe; then, starting backwards, he hastily let it fall. "Hark, hark, Falloch, there! did you hear it? 'Tis the saint! His voice threatened vengeance upon us from the wood yonder! No, no, I cannot bring myself to do it!"

And, trembling with fright, the miller crouched down upon a heap of stones.

"Faugh! you miserable coward! get back with you, then, and let me do the work myself!" cried Falloch, as he rushed forward.

Brandishing the pickaxe, he struck the wall violently with it several times.

It was quite dark at this moment; the moon had dipped behind a dense band of cloud.

A voice sounded through the gloom, a mournful wailing voice, that seemed at no great distance from them.

"A place, give me a place," it said, "some spot where I may find rest!"

And now, by a sudden stream of moonlight, they saw that the niche was empty, that the image had disappeared! Falloch, with a volume of oaths, went on battering at the wall with redoubled energy, bringing down with each blow a shower of stones and pieces of masonry about his head. Yet in his mad frenzy he saw nothing.

Suddenly with a horrible crash, the whole wall fell, completely burying him beneath its weight.

Furik the miller rushed away terror-stricken. Although he tried to bring help, it was too late.

Brigitta had sat up all night, waiting in vain for her brother.

When morning came, she went down to pray, as was her custom, among the ruins, and there, to her horror, under stones and mortar, she found his body, which some peasants were endeavoring to dig out.

Such was Falloch's end—a truly awful close to his wicked, selfish life.

And from that time until now the little chapel has never been rebuilt.

Many chill blasts of autumntide and winter, sweeping inland from the sea, have made mournful wail around it; many gentle airs of spring, charged with all pleasant sounds of birds and insects, and fragrant with the scent of sweet fields and flowers, have lingered here as they passed.

Time and nature have done little to change the gray ruins; they are there yet.

But Saint Roch, so the legend runs, having in this way lost his rightful home, is ever doomed to wander among the surrounding woods, and on dark and moonless nights, above the whistle of the breeze, above the dismal note of nightjar and owl, may be heard the sound of a sad, plaintive voice calling.

"A place, oh! give me a place, some spot where I may find rest!" M. D. BARNS.

A HOSPITAL doctor, having prescribed for a patient struck down by fever, places a thermometer under his arm to gauge his temperature accurately. On returning a few hours later, the physician inquires, "Well, how are we getting on?"—receiving the unexpected reply, "Oh, doctor, the drops have not done me any good but the glass tube has given me immense relief!"

FALLING LEAVES.

BY JOHN ANDERSON

When winter winds are waiting,
And death rides on the breeze,
With icy breath assailing
The stark and sapless trees,
It grieves us not to see—
For 'tis their time to die,
And with all nature wither—
The leaves that round us fly.

But when the day is teeming
With life, and love, and light,
And in our path is beaming
The sun-ray of delight,
It saddens us to see—
O, 'tis a mournful thing,
They should untimely perish
The leaves that fall in Spring

What though young life has parted
From Earth, ere Spring has passed,
Or, old and weary-hearted,
It yields to winter blast?
Grieve not, but humbly bend,
Submissive to the call,
Nor scorn their simple teaching,—
The leaves that round us fall.

Her Admirer.

BY KATHARINE MORTIMER.

"WHAT do I think of it?" and Augusta's blue eyes flashed. "I think you are acting unpardonably. That's what I think, and you know it as well as I do."

Then pretty little Mrs. Darrow threw back her head and laughed clearly—such a delicious trill of merriment.

But Augusta looked angry.

She frowned, and so heavy were her eyebrows that she looked quite terrible when she frowned, which was not very often.

"I can't see anything so amusing in what I have said. I repeat it—you have carried your flirtation so far with Robert Lyon that in common decency you will have to accept him. Besides, widowers won't be put off very easily."

"My dear," Mrs. Darrow's blue eyes lost their merry sparkle, "I intend to accept Augusta Furman—I will not have this ear to be carried any further. As you said, I was yet decide to marry your friend—and disagreeable as he is he got with a multitude of faults. That is, unless I consider upon reflection that it is clearly my duty to resign in your favor."

She laughed again contemptuously at the contrast the suggestion—herself so beautiful, with her baby blue eyes like dewy violets, her pearly cheeks and dimpled chin, and great masses of yellow gold hair—with plain Augusta, at least ten years older, and her black hair that she always covered with the stern cap, a custom to hide its scarcity, with her snapping black eyes, and brown complexion.

Augusta, indignant and hurt beyond up off her chair, and out of the room into the hall, and upstairs, to the seclusion of her chamber, coming down again, her face even more forbidding.

And Robert Lyon, from his rustic chair on the piazza missed Augusta's little smile as he turned his head to look after her.

"What a sweet little woman! I wonder why she looks so much older than she really is? I remember when we were schoolmates together, and I know our ages, she was years my junior."

And then the pleasant amused little look in his eyes faded, and a disgusted angry gloom came instead, for it was not to be expected that he could hear up with the bewitching little widow had said about him, and that too when he rather was very much interested in her.

And all invocations of his vicinage, as Augusta had been, pretty little Mrs. Darrow flitted through the hall and away to some other part of the house, and after a few more minutes of savage reflection, Mr. Lyon took himself away, very curious thoughts holding possession of him.

That next night there was to be a four-cornered dinner-party at Mrs. Darrow's cottage, and Mr. Lyon was a higher spirits and even better company than before.

He looked younger than ever before, and certainly, in contrast with Mr. Furman, grave to pomposity, reserved to stiffness, Mr. Lyon was almost boyish, with his merry care-free laugh, his hearty manner, and his eyes, his delightful devotion to the fair widow—who was in a flutter of delight between [illegible] and fears.

While Augusta, in her plain black cashmere and unbecoming lilac ribbons, with homely little lace head-dress, was quiet and retiring—a perfect foil to the charms of her beautiful cousin.

From her cosy chair where she was ostensibly engrossed with her knitting—some ugly charity socks of course grey-blue yarn—she was watching Mrs. Darrow's joyous flirtation with Robert Lyon, who, to Augusta's surprise, seemed more in love than ever.

And right into her rumbling thoughts, Mr. Lyon's prompt pleasant voice intruded.

"What are you making, Augusta?"

Somehow she started, and somehow Mr. Lyon found himself admiring the quick leap of color in her cheeks, the sparkle in her eyes, as she suddenly looked up and laughed.

"Oh, are you there? These are for the Old Men's Hospital."

Mrs. Darrow's voice broke in, musical, and a little sarcastic—

"Augusta always takes such a delightful interest in the old men, don't you, Augusta?"

But Augusta was not to be annihilated.

"In some old men, certainly, Mrs. Darrow. Especially those who do not enjoy your tender mercies."

Mr. Furman rubbed his wrinkled old hands together softly.

"Good, very good, Miss—Augusta. Pray tell me to which of you two young ladies I belong, eh?"

Mr. Lyon laughed a hearty, wholesome laugh that did one good to hear.

"To change the subject of possession, Augusta, answer me this one question—what makes you wear that abominable thing on your head? A cap, is it?"

Augusta blushed, and Mrs. Darrow smiled, a smile of purest malicious triumph.

"Don't be so cruel, Mr. Lyon. Many ladies are obliged to resort to such styles of head-dress, you know."

She was thinking of the few wisps of hair of her own, bountifully oiled out by the glossy switch and shining puffs, which Augusta positively refused to wear, insisting that she preferred caps.

"You haven't answered my question," Mr. Lyon said.

"Let me answer for her," and Mrs. Darrow laughed softly, and stepped up behind Augusta's chair. "I will show you how she looks without them, and then you will know why she wears them."

"Isabel! Don't dare do it," she said angrily, but Mrs. Darrow saw her opportunity for repaying her for her outspoken opinion on sundry subjects—Mr. Robert Lyon, notably—the small mean revenge she might accomplish by revealing to her own two admirers the look [illegible] Augusta sought to conceal beneath the modest homely little [illegible] of lace.

No, in spite of Augusta's indignant protest, Mrs Darrow [illegible] and the cap, and [illegible] pins that held up Augusta's magnificent hair, and it fell down a rich splendid river of shining waving hair, over her shoulders down to her waist, in glorious profusion, while her eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed as she sprang to her feet.

"I was right, Mr. Lyon said gaily "I hadn't forgotten a word I ever said about your hair when you were a little girl. Put it up again at once, and don't ever wear that arrangement again. Isn't that so, Mrs Darrow?"

He handed her a spray of scarlet sage and Mrs. Darrow could do no less than accept it her face plainly expressing her jealous anger.

A little while after that the guests were home, and Augusta took herself to her room. And the gentle evening breeze, as sweet as it had not been for [illegible] years—ten years ago when she and Robert Lyon had been friends.

At breakfast the next morning, Mrs Darrow was the personification of [illegible] and spite, although she did not refer to the [illegible] she had brought on herself, and Augusta, in her [illegible] was quiet as usual.

[illegible] kinds of men I never saw. There's old Farmer Jones he wants an answer to his proposal by ten this morning, and Mr. Lyon requested an interview also [illegible] Of course, I shan't [illegible] Mr. Furman, but I would like to see Mr. Lyon first. Do tell me what to do, and don't sit there like an owl."

"I am not aware that I can be of the least service, unless I entertain Mr. Furman for you until Mr. Lyon has been and gone."

Mrs. Darrow [illegible] rather [illegible].

"Oh, she said, [illegible] angrily also, as much as to say she would beg we Augusta for venturing to have made herself elegant the night before. "I certainly had out every inducement to Mr Lyon last night, and gave him every encouragement so that I would say no to Mr. Furman this morning, but I'm afraid our [illegible] spirited and raised several rows and caressed his whiskers and read a verse to us, and begged for an interview this morning. Yes I believe I will take him, and I hope you are satisfied, Augusta, at last."

But Augusta had never felt so strangely dissatisfied in all her life as when she went slowly down to the parlor to keep Mr Furman in good humor until after Mr. Lyon had been and gone and her face was grave and pitiful as she entered the room to see the gentleman.

"I thought I said you were never to wear caps again," and then she saw it was Robert Lyon and not Mr Furman.

Half an hour later Mr Darrow Furman rang the [illegible] and Augusta was obliged to go up to Mrs. Darrow's room.

"You will have to go down yourself," she said shyly, "there won't be any use in my seeing him for you, because—because Mr. Lyon has just been here, and now we are engaged, and are to be married next fortnight, and sail for Europe on the twenty-eighth."

And Mrs. Darrow went downstairs in such dumb astonishment that Mr. Furman attributed her manner to her overpowering sense of the honor he had done her.

At all events she accepted him, and from the day of her marriage began to grow grey and discontented, while Augusta Lyon is [illegible] than anybody ever believed her, and her husband and she are as happy as [illegible].

THE MISERIES OF FRENCHMEN.—Few eminent men of France have left representatives bearing their names, fewer still direct representatives. De Balzac, de Lamartine, Scribe, Delavigne, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Eugene Delacroix, Auber, Sainte-Beuve, Jules Janin, Pradier, Jules Sandeau, Victor Cousin, Thiers, Girard de Nerval, Arsène Kart, Prod. Soulié, Aug. Maquet, and many others, left no son. Berryer's only son, only child, committed suicide, and such was the end of Prevost Paradol and of his son. All but one of St. Marc Girardin's sons came to untimely ends by violence. Speaking of Berryer: His sister married Charles Forzet, who was immensely rich. At Berryer's death she bought his favorite country-seat, Chateau d'Angerville, near Fontainebleau, and announced her intention to give it to Berryer's grandson, Arthur Berryer, now a promising young lawyer at the Paris bar.

She fell into a sort of dotage, took her family in horror, refused to let one of them cross her threshold, and left her whole estate to her chambermaid.—The latter and her family now live in the gate lodge of Chateau d'Angerville, which they have let to a low adventurer, who pays only $1,200 rent for it, and has ruined the grounds in which Berryer took so much pride. The chambermaid turned adrift all of the servants, some of whom had been thirty years in Berryer's service, and she and her family live, with all their opulence, on [illegible] a year. How some families are cursed with bad luck! I have said Berryer's son, after having been arraigned in a criminal court and sentenced to prison, died of his own hand. Berryer's wife was killed by a dog. She fell asleep on a sofa. She had been severely exposed. The dog ate off the plaster put on the wound, and she died in great pain.

Lamartine's mother was accidently drowned in a bath. Victor Hugo had one brother insane, [illegible] another suicide, they both were in love with the woman he himself married (his first cousin), and in despair at seeing her give her hand to another, one went crazy, the other blew out his brains. Victor Hugo's eldest son fell dead in a railway station; his second son died of hemorrhage of the bladder. Neither Sand nor Sue lived to be [illegible]. Two of St. Marc Girardin's sons were drowned, one was killed in a [illegible]. His only [illegible] was carried on the wedding day, after several duels, and before the wedding breakfast was served, the bridegroom blew out his brains.

A WALTZ IN HIS HEAD.—Strauss and his wife were enjoying a quiet walk in the park at Schonau, the other day, when suddenly the composer exclaimed: "My dear! I have a waltz in my head, quick, give me a couple of sheets of music paper, I want to sit down before I forget it." Amid much rummaging of pockets it was found that neither of them had a letter about them—even a tradesman's account. Johann Strauss' house is considered small, but it was [illegible] as usual on his brain that he was [illegible] to paper. His despair was [illegible] when at last a happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She pulled out a [illegible] and Johann smiled. In two minutes it was [illegible] and Johann [illegible] the same tune, then Frau Strauss [illegible] and another scrap of music, and on which to [illegible] the composition. His own brain was [illegible] no hope there. Johann became frantic. He was [illegible] the worse for having been allowed to write three-quarters of the waltz. He was just on the point of dashing all [illegible] when another happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She plunged her hand into a capacious pocket, pulled out a purse, opened it, and displayed to his delighted gaze a [illegible] new [illegible] gulden notes. Hurrah! The entire Waltz was written on the back of the bank notes, and then Johann Strauss relapsed into his usual placidity.

[illegible] PILLS [illegible] always suffer [illegible], and are often in great danger [illegible] a violent attack of the [illegible], and also to [illegible] the slightest irregularity of diet, a sudden atmospheric change, or any other disturbing cause may cost [illegible] their lives.

Peevishness, restlessness, and a tendency to the development of disease are pretty sure to accompany [illegible].

Every [illegible] and nurse should bear in mind the fact that Holman's Pad (Comet's size) worn next [illegible] during the crisis of [illegible] is a positive protection against all the dangers of [illegible]. Why? Because [illegible] gives all child strength to [illegible] the ordeal, invigorates the system, quiets and strengthens the nerves, improves the circulation, and induces rest and peace. And all without drugs, poisons or medicines of any kind.

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2.

Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway N. Y.

New Publications.

George W. Harlan, publisher, of New York, will issue, shortly three holiday books, viz: Mrs. Brine's "Road to Slumberland," designed and illustrated by the celebrated Louis C. Tiffany and his corps of associated artists; "Maige, the Violet Girl," by the same author, illustrated by Miss Northam, "Tutti Frutti," a book of child songs by Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters, with full-page illustrations, by Alfred Brennan and D. Clinton Peters. All these books are conventional in their make-up.

MAGAZINES.

From the first there has never been any question that *St. Nicholas* is the very finest magazine for young folks ever published and each issue only serves to confirm this belief. We have received the bound volumes containing the numbers from November, 1880, to November, 1881, and more entertaining, more instructive, and more attractive books could not be placed in a child's hands. There is something for every age and for every taste presented, and illustrated in such a manner that the young mind could never tire of its [illegible] of sweets. Lowell can hardly do the work [illegible] better. There is taste and judgment shown from the first to the last page, and the matter of hundreds of books is contained within it. Apart, however, from the continual freshness, novelty and interest of its stories, poetry, miscellany departments, etc., the illustrations are in themselves something to perpetually gladden the hearts of those for whom it is intended. It is unnecessary to speak of its splendid printing and beautiful binding in red and gold. The two volumes may be obtained of Lippincott & Co.

The discussion of "The Christian Religion," by Col. Ingersoll and Judge Black, which was commenced in the August number of the *North American Review*, is continued in the November issue of that publication. Col. Ingersoll now replies to the strictures of his opponent, and presents much more fully than he has ever before done the logical grounds for his opposition to Christianity. The article will be received with interest by all. We [illegible] number of the Review will [illegible] an exhaustive reply. In a Symposium on Presidential Inability, four of our most eminent jurists, Judge Thomas M. Cooley, the Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Prof. Theodore W. Dwight and Gen. B. F. Butler, discuss the several weighty problems arising out of article 2 of the Constitution. "England's Hereditary Republic" is the title of a significant paper contributed by the Marquis of Blandford, and Senator George F. Hoar writes statesmanlike article on "The Appointing Power of the President of the United States." Appleton & Co. Price 35 cents per number.

Lippincott's Magazine for November opens with a timely illustrated paper by Charles Barr Todd describing "A Walk Over Manhattan." A Varied Interest pervades all the [illegible] of a home-sketch depicting some recent [illegible] of American art students in Paris. The [illegible] chapter of Dr. Oswald's Zoological Curiosities is devoted to Animal Incendiaries. There is an article on the Duc de Broglie's visit to America. One second [illegible] Clarke the comedian. The Queen of the Leotard Company [illegible] and an account of Stanton Farrar in Wonderland are lively sketches. Fiction occupies a large portion of the number. The new instalment of Sherwood Bonner's Dr. Pat and [illegible] series. He Val Cravis is of the usual [illegible] Percy [illegible] by Sarah Winter Kellogg has [illegible] interest, and Almost a Quarrel [illegible] a lively love story. The poetry is by H. H. Boyesen, Charlotte F. Bates and Frances Mary and the [illegible] and book notices will repay perusal. Lippincott & Co. publishers.

Blackwood's Magazine for November contains the following matter: Part I of a new story entitled The Fixed Period. The Decadence of French Women. Uncle Z. continues an interesting review of [illegible] Don Quixote Notes. A Story. The Threatened Abolition of Bank-notes, an autobiographical article on Carrie Gobbin, the famous Irish author. Irish Reform, etc. etc. Received from W. H. Zuber this city.

Arthur's Home Magazine for November contains a very fine list of contents in the way of stories, poetry, miscellany, and recently added household departments. T. S. Arthur, this [illegible] publisher.

NEW MUSIC.

"Never Go Back on a Traveler's Mule." We have just received, from the publisher a copy of the above named popular comic ballad. It is composed by the popular song writer, Charles Baker. The music is very pretty and simple, and is played on either piano or organ. Price 50 cents per copy. F. W. Helmick, 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

IT is impossible for a woman after a faithful course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer from a weakness of the uterus. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

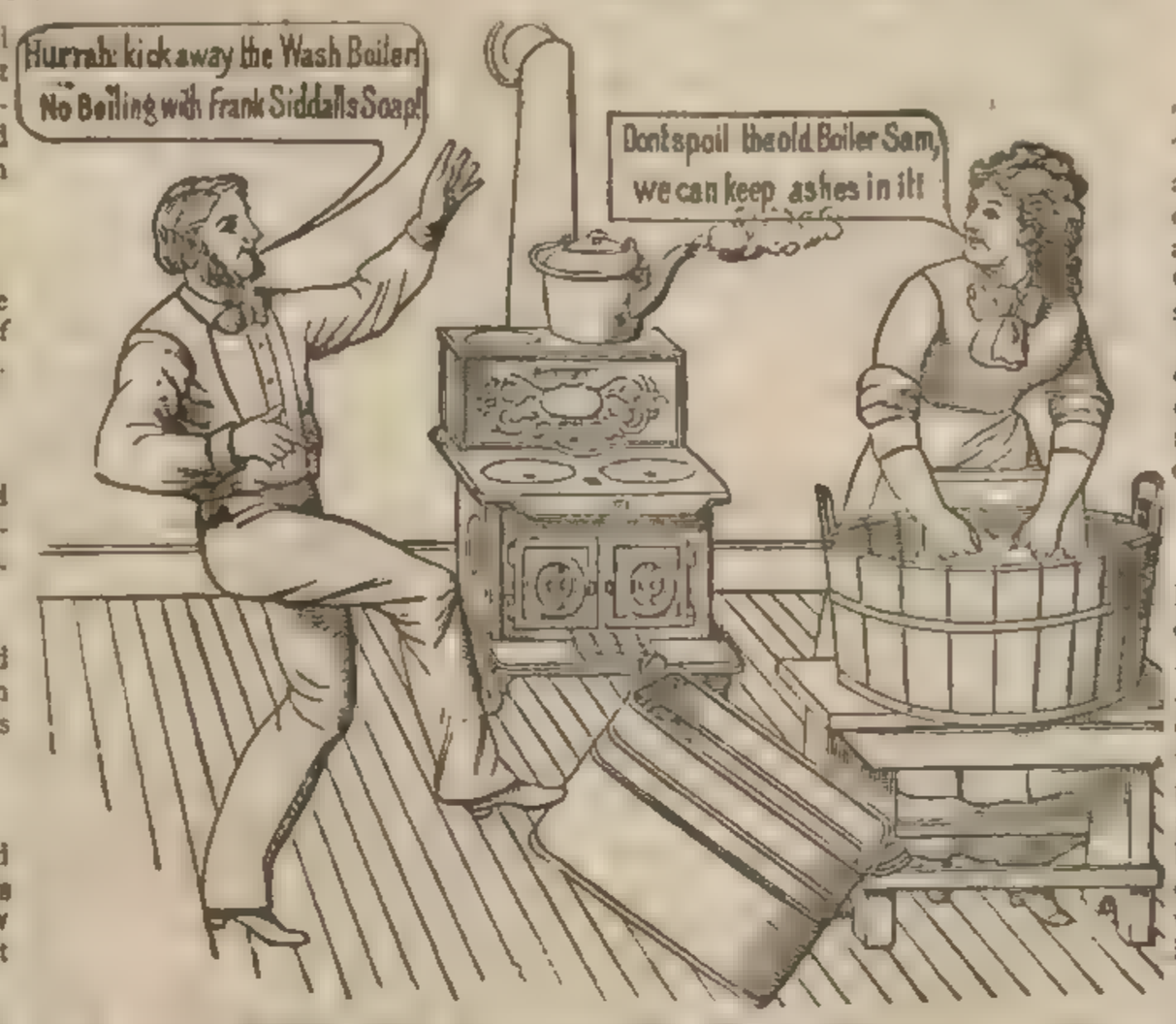
The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.



Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions.— Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on, it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash water in the tea kettle, the wash water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap, DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow, and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds, if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor long in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal, it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin, it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not neceseary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

Grains of Gold.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

He's armed without that's innocent within.

Misfortunes are in morals what bitters are in medicines.

It is more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves.

Conversation is the vent of character as well as thought.

He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it.

Base natures joy to see sorrows come to those they deem happy.

He but waters his soup who takes many words to tell a short story.

Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.

Violence in the voice is often only the death-rattle of reason in the throat.

Always be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

If you really intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you intend to do a noble thing, do it now.

It is a mark of the soundest wisdom not to pry into a secret, and when found, of the purest honesty not to reveal it.

Moderation is the father of health, cheerfulness, and old age. Excess has a family too numerous to be counted.

If your life flows smoothly on, and yet it is a life of sin, be sure there is a cataract ahead, filled with danger and destruction.

Who cannot renounce cannot love; who cannot renounce cannot become perfect; who cannot renounce cannot be made holy.

Do not use profanity, vulgar terms, slang phrases, words of double meaning, or language that will bring the blush to any one.

What makes people so discontented with their own lot in life is the mistaken idea which they form of the happy lot of others.

If men would but follow the advice which they bestow gratuitously on others, what a reformation would be effected in their characters.

It is one thing to love truth, and to seek it, for its own sake; and quite another to welcome as much of it as tallies with our impressions and prejudices.

There is much truth in the saying, "Give even an angel a bad name, and the simplest of us can see the evil expression in his face, whether it is there or not."

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become towards the defects of others.

What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved and yet be impatient out of action, or vehement in it.

Let it be your business less to fight, or even to expose error, or to criticise fault, than to disclose and manifest verity and right, and to be the evolution we preach.

Affections, like spring flowers, break through the frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy will never seek in vain.

Each soul has its own separate traits and its own intransferable responsibility, and the grace of God is the grand agency to develop the highest powers of man's nature.

Who ever heard of slandering a bad man? Who ever heard of counterfeiting a bad note? Slander, as a rule, is the revenge of a coward. It is generally the best people who are injured in this way.

There is only now and then an opportunity for displaying great courage, or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature, charity and kindness of heart.

Inordinate curiosity is what gets us into half our quarrels. If a man would just mind his own business, and let his neighbor's alone, the amount of brotherly love in the world would be doubled in a week.

There is no elevation of mind in a contempt of little things; it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views that we consider those things of little importance which have, in fact, such extensive consequences.

There are too many people in the world too many perhaps among us here—who are not what they ought to be, because they are weak. They see what is right, and admire it; but they have not courage or determination to do it.

How many toil, disquiet and harass themselves, as if desperately struggling against poverty, at the same time that they are surrounded with abundance! have not only enough, but more than enough—a great deal more, in fact, than they actually enjoy.

A Case "Given Over to Die."

The following report of a case in which, to all appearances, the patient was beyond the reach of curative agencies, is one among the many surprising results which are continually attending the use of Compound Oxygen: "The last Home Treatment that I ordered from you," writes a physician in Vermont, "was for Mrs. ——. She was given over to die by her old physician (who has treated her for twenty-two years) and friends. I was called to see her when she could not speak a loud word, or lift her head from the pillow; could take no food except a little beef tea. I sent to you for a Home Treatment of Oxygen, and your advice. She has been steadily improving; she is around the house seeing to her household affairs. Her neighbors say that if she gets well there is no use of any one's dying." Treatise on Compound Oxygen with large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1108 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

London ladies are said to be using tricycles quite extensively.

A Michigan woman has gone to England to import 500 servant girls.

Beecher says that three-fourths of the inhabitants of heaven are women.

Why does the latest fashionable bonnet resemble a snipe? Because it's nearly all bill.

A woman may be the friend of a man she does not love; but she is always the enemy of a man she loves no longer.

Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water in which flowers are immersed, and it will preserve them for a fortnight.

We are told that Mexican women get to look old at 25. That's just like American women. Every American woman who gives her age as 30 looks very old.

A sentimental woman at Mayville, Canada, has put a strong iron fence around the tree whereon a sweetheart of youthful days once carved her name.

The true physiological way of treating burns or scalds is to at once exclude the air, with cotton batting, flour, scraped potato, or anything that is handiest.

The extraordinary popularity of the Princess of Wales in England is due to good looks, good nature, and very pleasing manners. She is not in the least an intellectual woman.

Autumn styles in Paris and London are at variance. While Paris is lengthening the waists of dresses, London is declaring short waists fashionable, and is reviving the short corsages of 1812.

Canton crape shawls are being put to a new use: they are being utilized for window draperies. They are lined with a soft silk of some delicate tint, and the fringe is made to ornament the top of the curtain.

A young lady, recently married, read Mother Shipton's prophecy for the first time the other day. "Just my luck!" she exclaimed, throwing down the paper; "here I am newly married, and now the world's coming to an end."

Metal and jet garniture holds a conspicuous position in the millinery world. There are steel swords to arm a portion of the fair "sixty thousand," arrows for archers, prismatic beetles, birds' claws and fawns' delicate limbs, with gilded hoofs.

Mrs. Jennie McGraw Fiske, who lately died at Ithaca, left a fortune of $12,000,000. She was building a residence to cost $2,000,000, intending it to be the finest in the United States. While in Europe she was married to Prof. Fiske, of Cornell University.

The Rhode Island records of 1734 show that a white woman was once held as a slave in that State, a negro woman having been induced to own her as her child when a baby. At last she went before the Assembly, asked an investigation, and was set free.

Young Kountup says his mother-in-law is like a Fenian torpedo—she goes off when he isn't touching her. "Bless your soul," said his neighbor, Offaldrt, "my mother-in-law is like a Quaker gun—she's been with us ever since last May, and you can't make her go off."

Says the Court Journal: "The new minuet that the ex-Queen of Spain introduced here last winter, is becoming very popular; it is danced by four couples, slow, solemn and very reverential; all the dancers must be in the costumes of the periods Louis XIV and XV."

Clara Belle has observed that "in kissing, for the most electrical results, one kisser must be a blonde, and the other a brunette, representing the opposite poles of a battery." Bah! The thing required to make a kiss electrical and soul-satisfying is to have the girl worth $10,000.

And now a New York woman rises in her place to remark that when an unmarried woman arrives at her thirtieth birthday she should drop the Miss, and be henceforth known as Mrs. It wouldn't probably affect many single ladies, however, so no one need be alarmed at her proposition.

He was wealthy but penurious, and this is what he said to the suitor for his daughter's hand: "Yes, you can have her. But you must elope with her. I can't afford the expense of a grand wedding, and the romance of the elopement will make up for the lack of show, and we'll save you on expenses; go it."

A Michigan girl went to the parson's with her young man to get married, but just before the knot was tied she was called to the door. She did not come back, and then it was found that she had gone straight to another parson's and married a rich widower who had sent word that he was waiting there for her.

"Can you keep a secret?" said Mr. Middleditch, impressively, looking at his wife. "Indeed I can," she exclaimed, running across the room that she might cling to the lapels of his coat while she listened: "Well," said the brutal man," "you can do a great deal more than I can, then. I never could remember one long enough to tell it."

The female barber-shop, on Stockton street, says a San Francisco paper, is in danger of succumbing to the outside pressure. The proprietor says it is impossible to do business while the women of the neighborhood keep looking in at the windows, gritting their teeth, and hiding rolling-pins under their aprons until their husbands come out.

Carrie was six years old, and quite a model of propriety; but one day she shocked her mother by doing something very much like ordinary naughty children. "Why, Carrie!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "how could you do such a thing?" "Other little girls do so," replied Carrie. "But that doesn't make it right, does it?" asked Mrs. B. "No," answered Carrie, with deliberation, "but it makes it a good deal more comf'able."

The Parisian ladies monopolize the sport of frog-hunting, and the owner of the park with well-stocked ponds, opens the day with a garden party. The weapon is a cross-bow having an arrow retained in communication with the bow by means of a silk cord. As froggy allows his executioner to approach very near, his fate is sealed: the lady hauls him in, and a bystander clears the arrow. The poor revolve all the game to make soup, money being added to purchase a little beef to make it stronger.

News Notes.

Tennessee is the second peanut-producing State in the Union.

Southern bonds were quoted in London last week at 4 per cent.

Montana boasts of a geyser that sends up a volume of water 100 feet high.

The earliest known map is an Egyptian plan of a gold mine in Ethiopia.

A sun-fish weighing a ton was recently captured at Greenock, Scotland.

A Chicago builder calculates that 2,000,000 bricks are being laid every day in Chicago.

Food is so much more plentiful than fuel in Iowa that they find it cheaper to burn corn than coal.

It is estimated that in this country 250,000 lead-pencils are purchased each day, or 75,000,000 a year.

Washington is proud of a peanut merchant who owns ten thousand dollars in government bonds.

The rice crop of the Gulf States this year promises 150,000,000 bushels. Ten years ago it was only 74,000,000.

The war with Afghanistan cost India about $150,000,000, and brought her not one dollar of actual profit.

It is estimated that the postal-card has decreased the sale of writing-paper $12,000,000 annually in the United States.

The American system of transporting trunks between residences and railroad trains has been introduced into Berlin.

It is proposed to establish cotton manufacture in California. Cotton can be grown profitably in many parts of the State.

A falling meteor set on fire a quantity of grass at Springfield, Ill., and a great conflagration was prevented with difficulty.

Chicago is about to begin a new reform. An ordinance is about to be introduced to prohibit the smoking of tobacco on the streets by boys.

The letters "U. S. A." on the card of an American officer gave him some trouble with Berlin policemen, who thought that they were mysterious signs.

The first article made from California gold is believed to be a rosary, the metal of which was mined in 1852. It is now on exhibition in Los Angelos.

The thirteen trees which Alexander Hamilton planted on his grounds in New York city, in honor of the thirteen States of the Union, are still standing.

A Georgia paper tells of a deer that sprang into a train just after passing a station, and in its fright ran through the baggage car, both doors of which were open.

A half tent, half shanty, at Sentinel Butte, Montana, bears the sign: "Rev. C. A. Duffy, Sample Room." The proprietor does not care to talk about his antecedents.

Names seem to have lost their significance. Christian Johnson is under arrest in Detroit, Mich., on a charge of burglary, and Christian Angel for refusing to support his family.

The weight of a cask of water pulled out the teeth of the "Man with the Iron Jaw," while he was performing at the Indiana State Fair, and fell on his breast, killing him instantly.

A preacher in Pueblo, Cal., adopted the original expedient, a few Sundays ago, of having the choir sing the morning hymn from the steps in front of the church to attract a congregation.

The divers who raised eighteen cans of nitro-glycerine from under forty-five feet of water and six of mud, at Winnipeg, seriously bade their families good-by every time they went down.

Among the thirty-nine mummies recently found in a cave near Thebes, is that of the king who is supposed to have been the Pharaoh that forced the children of Israel to make bricks without straw.

Of the rude monuments which have been erected in the Mammoth Cave to the memory of distinguished men, and which now number nearly three hundred, some of them reach from floor to roof.

Five hundred people find profit in pearl-hunting in Stone's river, Rutherford county, Tennessee. One pearl has been found which sold for $60. The general range of value is from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars.

Flowers continue to be used extensively for table decoration; they are even placed in finger-bowls. Those with long stems are selected, and they are kept in place by sticking the stems through a large leaf, which floats on the water.

Abdul Hassan Bey, an Egyptian official, who lately visited General Morrill, of Andover, N. H., has presented to his host a slight acknowledgement of his hospitality in the shape of a mummy of a Princess of the house of Rameses II.

There is an Englishman living in Pennfield, Greene county, Ga., who makes a good support for himself and a helpless sister by working a single acre of land. Of course he has it very rich, using only a spade in cultivation. As soon as one crop comes off he plants another.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

GORHAM, N. H., July 14, 1879.

GENTS—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

—TIM BURCH.

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HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

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No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from unCured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

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When a New York young man pops the question, he says, "Let's consolidate."

When is a girl like a music-book? When she is proud; because then she is full of airs.

David would be an excellent name for an attendant in a empty room—he's always good at a sling.

A correspondent asks what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. It is a step farther.

It has been definitely settled at last that the reason why the pig's tail curls is because its dryed when it is young.

Those cork helmets furnished the army were first suggested by a suttler. The wearers will always be dry, you see.

"My son is troubled with a weakness in one of his legs; what shall I do for it?" inquires an anxious parent. Perhaps the best thing would be to see the girl and ask her to sit on the other knee for a while.

A little Camden boy, who is in the habit of saying his prayers before going to bed, the other night asked his mother: "Mamma, how long will it be before I'm big enough to quit saying my prayers? You never say yours, do you?" And the mother said: "Little boys shouldn't ask so many questions. Go to sleep, my child."

"I'm all Played Out."

is a common complaint. If you feel so, get a package of Kidney-Wort and take it, and you will at once feel its tonic power. It renews the healthy action of the kidneys, bowels, and liver, and thus restores the natural life and strength to the weary body. It can now be had in either dry or liquid form, and in either way is always prompt and efficient in action.—New Bedford Standard.

Personal.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement on this page headed "Neuralgia." The Dr. Benson mentioned is well known to the public all over the United States, and his remedies are now standard goods. His standing in the medical profession perhaps cannot be vouched for better than by the following letter, by Dr. Samuel Chew, Sr., Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine in the University of Maryland, at Baltimore: "Dr. C. W. Benson is a graduate of the School of Medicine of the University of Maryland. While a pupil of that institution he was distinguished for industry and zeal in the pursuit of professional knowledge, and his examination for the degree of Doctor of Medicine was entirely satisfactory to his instructors. I have known him for several years, and believe him to be a physician eminently prepared to be useful, and also of an unexceptional good moral character. I take great pleasure in commending him to the esteem and confidence of the community."

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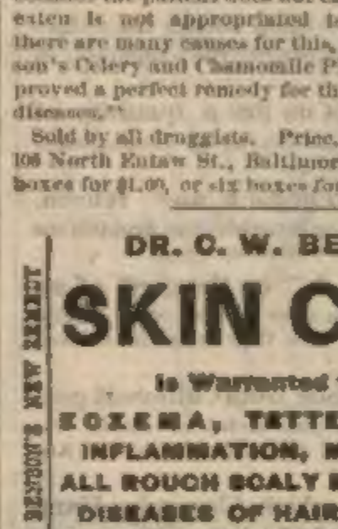

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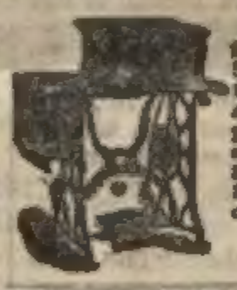

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We offer Highest Cash Wages for Work at your own home either all the time or evenings. Will pay regular salary for entire services, $10 to $30 per week, according to ability. Full information for Stamp.

H. K. CURTIS & CO., Philada., Pa.

70 YOUR Name in Handsome Script Type on Beautiful Chromo Cards, 10c. Latest Styles, Sentiment, Friendship, Scroll & Motto Series, 13 packs $1.00. Prompt returns. Royal Card Co., P. O. Box 21, Northford, Ct. 70

BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS, ETC. Prices reduced. Full descriptive catalogue of above sent free of postage to any applicant. Send your name and P. O. address on a postal card, mentioning this paper, to DEWITT, Publisher, No. 33 Rose Street, N. Y.

Card Collectors.

50 Large Advertising Cards, no two alike, complete in sets, 25c. postpaid. 100 Elegant All-Gold and Silver $1.00 postpaid. All different. ÆTNA CARD CO., 119 Fulton St., New York.

1 WORSTED cross-stitch Patterns for 25c. Book of 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, etc., 90 Borders, Corners, Pansies, Roses, Birds, Deer, Elephant, Stork, Comic Designs, 3 Alphabets, etc., 25c. each. 5 books, $1. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Agents wanted, $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 24 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

12c Ivory Watch Charms, with Microscopic glass shows heads of Actresses as large as life; also Street Views, Lord's Prayer, The Creed, etc. 12 cents postpaid; 75 cents per dozen. Big thing for Agents. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. MASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York

FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE TOMB!

Agents Wanted Everywhere

To Introduce Our New and Beautiful Chromo-Lithograph Picture of

Jas. A. Garfield.

A PICTURE FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD IN AMERICA!

In presenting the Magnificent Oil Picture of the Nation's Martyr, we are placing within the reach of all a valuable and ornamental memorial of the most stirring scene in the history of our country.

This picture vividly calls to mind, and thrillingly and truthfully depicts the terrible tragedy on that memorable 2d of July, 1881, when our lamented President was stricken down by the hand of an assassin.

It is impossible to give a correct idea of the Great Beauty and Attractiveness of this Picture.

The picture is printed on heavy plate paper, 22x28 inches, and not only contains a perfect likeness of our martyred President, but also pictures of incidents connected with his life and death.

The picture contains a correct Portrait of our late President, Biography of his Life, a Graphic Account of the Assassination, a Picture of the HOME AT MENTOR, a medallion-shape sketch, representing THE ASSASSINATION IN THE DEPOT, and THE DEATH-BED SCENE, with Mrs. Garfield, her daughter, the doctors and attendants.

The whole picture combined forms a grand historical memento, grand in its conception, truthful in every line of its delineation.

Secure this picture FOR YOUR HOME. It will make A MEMENTO OF 1881, and the most popular picture ever published in the United States.

The price of a copy of such an elaborate and finely-executed oil-picture is 50 CENTS, a mere bagatelle in comparison with its artistic merit, cost of plate and composition.

A WORD TO AGENTS.

The Publishers of this picture, always on the alert, and ready to place something new in the hands of their many friends, have spent over $2,000 in preparing this great picture for this special occasion.

We request you to lose no time, but order 25 to 100 copies at once. First come first served. We shall appoint but one agent in a place. You can make Five to Ten Dollars Per Day.

Thousands will be sold. Agents are already making large sales. Now is the time. The people want just such a picture at the present time.

REMEMBER the great advantage of this picture is not only that it possesses the finest artistic merit and beauty, and blending of colors, but it is ready to hang on the wall. Each picture is on heavy plate paper, and mounted on rollers, the edges protected by a linen binding, and the whole surface is oiled and varnished, which protects it from damage.

THE GREAT cost for glass and frames are in this way saved. Everybody wants a picture of JAMES A. GARFIELD, but some may not feel able to buy on account of the cost of framing. Our beautiful picture does not need a frame, and the expense of that is saved.

TERMS TO AGENTS.

SAMPLE COPY BY MAIL		50
12 COPIES		$2 75
25	"	7 25
50	"	14 00
100	"	27 00

Special Terms by the 1000 Copies.

☞ Cut this out and return with order.

H. W. KELLEY, 711 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Facetiæ.

Brethren in arms—Male twins.

A prime minister—A good parson.

The worst of collisions—Running into debt.

A matchless story—One in which there are no weddings.

Death from intoxication in Chicago is called "whiskeyside."

A labor of love—A bashful youth essaying to pop the question.

No weather is genuine unless Vennor's name is blown on the bottle.

Why is a barber like a carpenter? Because he has shavings in his shop.

It is well to point out that the man who goes about solely to kill time should confine himself strictly to his own time.

A fine old gentleman says he drinks brandy only on two occasions—when he has goose for dinner, and when he has not.

"John," said Mr. Snob, "send a plumber up to the house to-day. I'll let folks know I'm wealthy, and able to afford luxuries."

Jewelry ought to be remarkably cheap. You can get any quantity of good gold rings out of a half-eagle by tossing it on the counter.

"An' that's the Pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "Gracious, what's the rest of of his bed-clothes like, I wonder?"

A four-year-old, visiting, saw bellows used to blow an open fire, and informed her mother that "they shovel wind into the fire at aunt Augusta's."

A Boston newspaper somewhat sarcastically remarks: "The police of New York are being vaccinated. But what's the use of it? They never catch anything."

The intelligent compositor who was handed a paragraph which read, "The lumbermen in this vicinity are busy skidding logs, preparatory to hauling to the mills," set it up to read, "The humbler men in this vicinity are skinning their dogs, preparatory to hauling to their meals."

An aged colored man was hastening home from church, and was asked why he was in so great a hurry. "Oh, nuffin' partikler, boss," was the answer, "only I jis heerd at de confrence dat Samuel Johnson's fell from grace, an' I 'spected I'd go right home soon as I could, an' lock up my chickens—dat's all."

Everybody remembers the famous Irish echo which, when the guide called out, "How d'ye do?" answered, "Purty well, I thank you." But this is quite outdone by an echo in the Pyrenees. "Observe," says the guide, "how the sound is repeated from rock to rock, and from crag to crag, and especially how beyond the frontier the echo has a perfectly distinguishable Spanish accent."

A tramp was being escorted down Chestnut street by one of the most stylish police on the force. "I hate to walk along arm in arm with a policeman," said the tramp. "You ought to be used to it by this time," replied the policeman. "I can't get used to hearing people on the streets say 'Just look at that vagabond!' when I know they must mean one of us."

"I declare I never was more impressed in my life with the foolishness of flies!" exclaimed the boarder to his landlady, as a couple of winged voyagers embarked in his soup-plate. "I do not understand you, sir," she said, haughtily. "Well," he exclaimed, "those two poor creatures undoubtedly supposed that this stuff was thick enough to float 'em."

The Popular Demand.

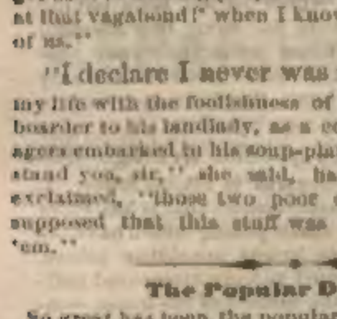
So great has been the popular demand for the celebrated remedy, Kidney-Wort, that it is having an immense sale from Maine to California. Some have found it inconvenient to prepare it from the dry compound. For such the proprietors now prepare it in liquid form. This can be procured at the druggists. It has precisely the same effect as the dry, but is very concentrated, so that the dose is much smaller.—Lowell Courier.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

THE WILSON PATENT

ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,

With Thirty Changes of Positions.



READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST. Address,

WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR M'F'G. CO.,
681 Broadway, N. Y.

Celebrated for fine tone, finish. Italian strings, fine pegs, inlaid pearl tail-piece, fine long bow, with ivory and silvered frog, a violin box, Book of Instruction, with 558 pieces music, by express for $8.50. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. A better outfit cannot be purchased elsewhere for $15.

O. H. W. BATES & CO., Importers, Boston, Mass.

Garfield Agents wanted for Life of President Garfield. A complete, faithful history from cradle to grave, by the eminent biographer, Col. Conwell. Books all ready for delivery. An elegantly illustrated volume. Endorsed edition. Liberal terms. Agents take orders for from 20 to 50 copies daily. Outsells any other book 10 to 1. Agents never made money so fast. The book sells itself. Experience not necessary. Failure unknown. All make immense profits. Private terms free. Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

MRS. LYCIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Women can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian trouble, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

TRADE KIDNEY-WORT MARK

THE ONLY MEDICINE

IS EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM

That Acts at the same time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

WILL SURELY CURE
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

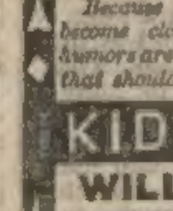
Why suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?

Use **KIDNEY-WORT** *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form**, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in **Liquid Form, very Concentrated,** for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞It acts with equal efficiency in either form. GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

WE GIVE THEM AWAY

DIAMONDS

SUPERSEDED BY THE WONDERFUL NEW DIAMONDS,

DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS.

A PRINCELY GIFT!
A GORGEOUS PREMIUM!!
SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT!
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE!!

DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS IN WARRANTED SOLID GOLD SETTINGS

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were interchanged with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS.

"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*——"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*——"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic.*——"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*——"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*——"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*——"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of **Diamante Brilliants** is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported expressly for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. They must be seen to be appreciated. A Ring, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Studs and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. So upon our retail value, as we want you to make comparisons.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment: it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our Superb Diamond Premium offers deserve more attention than the many tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day. THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. **We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for THE POST.**

For a Premium to Each Subscriber Read Terms on Page 8.

THESE PREMIUMS ARE ALL SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. THE POST has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or reputable business house in Philadelphia. Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of THE POST to any address on receipt of three-cent stamp. Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A $6.00 REVOLVER FREE TO YOU.

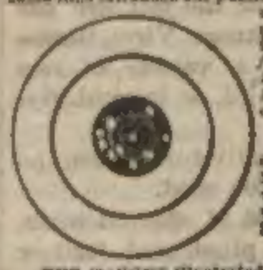
THE WORLD RENOWNED BLUE JACKET IVORY HANDLE WITH GOLD PLATED CYLINDER

ENGRAVED AND ENAMELED

WEIGHT 7½ OUNCES
THIS CUT IS 2-3 SIZE.

THE BLUE JACKET

is the most elegant Revolver in the world, as well as the most perfect and beautiful in design and finish. It is made of the very best steel. The barrel and frame is Nickel Silver-plated, with Gold-plated Cylinder, Ivory Stock, and the whole beautifully engraved and enameled, making a beautiful contrast of four different colors. The cut represents only *two-thirds the actual size*, and as it is impossible to show the beautiful contrast of *Gold, Silver, Blue and Ivory*, it conveys but a slight idea of this handsome weapon. It is simply beautiful beyond description. It is the first IVORY HANDLE, ENAMELED AND ENGRAVED REVOLVER ever sold for less than $6.00, and is the most remarkable bargain we ever offered in Firearms. This Revolver cannot be made to-day for twice what we are offering it for, and it will be a long time before we shall be able to offer another such bargain. We have 1,000 only; when these are sold, no more can be had except at regular prices. **THE BLUE JACKET** is as well known as any Revolver in the world, and the new Russian Model Hip Sight adapts itself to the hand, enabling you to hold it firmly and steadily. It has a finely rolled hammer, positive step-action holding the cylinder firmly in place, and uses the extra-long cartridge. With the BLUE JACKET you can shoot a squirrel or partridge from the tallest tree. We guarantee its shooting qualities, and if you are not perfectly satisfied WHEN IT WE WILL REFUND THE MONEY EVERY TIME. We purchased these Revolvers at less than one-fourth their cost, and we wish to give all who read this the benefit, and at the same time introduce our publication **THE HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE.** If you will send us $2.00, and TEN CENTS EXTRA to pay postage, we will mail the Magazine one year, and the REVOLVER FREE of all other charges. THE HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE contains 32 quarto pages, with handsome Illustrated Engraved Cover, and is filled with choice *Illustrations from all parts of the world. Stories by the best authors; Poetry; Sketches; Choice; Illustrated Fashion Department; useful Information; Biography; Answers to Correspondents; Household Notes; The Kitchen; Ladies' Home; The Toilet Table; The Garden; Wit, Humor, &c.* It is now in its sixth year, has a large circulation, and the regular price for a year's subscription has always been $1.00.



FREE TO YOU. If you will cut this advertisement out, show it to your friends, and get a club of seven to join you, and send us $14.00, with 70 cents extra to always to help pay postage, we will send you the Revolver and Magazine free for your trouble. **PLEASE BEAR IN MIND** that each one in the club will also get the Revolver and Magazine, and when full amount (14 to be sent with the club order, we will put in a box of cartridges for each Revolver. As to our responsibility, we refer to any New York Publishers or Merchants. Send money by Registered Letter or Post Office Order at our risk.

Address, E. C. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, N. Y.

THE TARGET illustrated here was made with the BLUE JACKET at 21 yards. Every shot being put in a half-a-eye one inch in diameter. **CUT THIS OUT, IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.**

Complete Musical Outfit for 25 Cents!

A GREAT BARGAIN! Everybody loves music, and once a day there is either a piano, organ or melodeon in almost *every* household; but the cost of acquiring a thorough musical education is so great that but few ever attain proficiency in the art. Buckner's Musical Chart is the invention of an accomplished professor of music, and is a complete self-instructor for the Piano, Organ, or Melodeon. By its use any child can learn to play upon either of these instruments in a few hours as well as if a year was spent in practice under a music-teacher's tuition. It is a great and wonderful invention, and will save *hundreds of dollars* to all who possess it. The method it teaches is very simple; any one can understand it. No matter if you already have some knowledge of music; it will help you to acquire greater proficiency. *No matter if you have no piano or organ in the house*, you can go to some friend's house and practice for a short time with the Chart, become an accomplished performer, and so be able to play wherever you go. Buckner's *Musical Chart is superior to anything of the kind ever offered*, and is recommended by leading professors of music. The price of the Chart is $1.00, and it has never heretofore been sold for less, but as we have obtained control of the sale of them, and are determined to place them within the reach of all, we will send the Chart, *by mail post-paid*, upon receipt of Only Twenty-five Cents in postage stamps, and, as an extra inducement, we will send free to *every purchaser*, Thirty-four Pieces of Choice Music, part vocal and part instrumental, *each full sheet music size*, with words and music all complete, and consisting of the latest and most popular ballads, songs and instrumental pieces, waltzes, polkas, galops, marches, including the most popular airs from the new operas of "Orpheus," "Mascotte," and "Billee Taylor." Never before was so great a bargain offered to the music-loving public. Pause and Consider! *Buckner's Musical Chart and Thirty-four Pieces of Splendid New Music*—all for only 25 Cents! This is no humbug! We are an old-established publishing house, having been in business in the same locality for years, and having a reputation to sustain, cannot afford to offer more than we can fairly carry out. We refer to any newspaper publisher in New York, Harrison, or the Commercial Agencies, to all of whom we are well known. Send 25 Cents for the Chart and Music, and *if you are not perfectly satisfied we will promptly refund the money.* Five Charts and five sets of Music sent for $1.00. Please state in what paper you saw this advertisement. Address,

F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

Agents Wanted EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL and TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

FREE SMOBY'S STANDARD CURE. Purely Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills. A never-failing remedy for FEVER and AGUE, BILIOUSNESS, and MALARIAL DISEASES. Contains no Quinine, Mercury, or poisons of any kind. TRIAL BOX SENT FREE. Address Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau St., New York City.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25c money, or 40c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 44, Fultonville, N.Y.

70 ALL NEW STYLE Chromo Cards, (no 2 alike.) Name on 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

ANY GENT Or lady that sends us their address will receive something *free by Mail*, that may prove the stepping-stone to a life of success. Is especially adapted to those who have reached the foot of the hill. Address M. YOUNG, 175 Greenwich st., New York.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

2,000 Great Secrets, Arts, Discoveries, Receipts, etc., (A rare and wonderful book.) Mailed for 25 cents. **$26,500**

50 Lovely Floral, motto, hand and bouquet Chromo Cards, beautiful colors, name 10c. Chas. Ray, New Haven, Ct.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. TRIED. J. HARBACH, 86 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

50 Landscape, Sea-View, Album, &c. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Vance & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto in case, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co, Westville, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE days flit by in rapid succession, and autumn is already well on her way to colder weather and warmer toilettes. Much of our comfort during the winter depends upon the manner in which we prepare for it. The lowness of the temperature demands a judicious increase of woolen clothing. I say judicious, because it is too often the practice to pay no attention to the pretty *demi-saison* garments offered to us, but to don, at the first approach of the cold, those vetements which would be perfectly suitable in December. To be really well-dressed, one must have dresses, bonnets, and mantles suitable for the season; by this means we not only appear well dressed, but we do not become tired of our raiment before the season is over.

The autumn mantles promise also to be very elegant, and for the greater part they will be cut very long. The Regent mantle is a great favorite, it is of black satin, curved in the back, and trimmed with beads in three colors, amber, white, and black steel, with an edging of black feathers. A plush pelisse, lined with old gold satin, is also very stylish; it is very long, but cut up the back so as to show the back drapery of the dress; this will make the pelisse a great favorite, as, though long, it will not crush nor entirely hide the handsome dress beneath it.

Many mantles are a revival of the pelisse of some sixty years ago, but, as fashion never exactly repeats itself, they are now like a skirted dolman; that is, they have sleeves cut in one with the mantle, which inclines towards the figure at the waist, and then flows to the feet. They come high up to the neck and are loaded with trimming, chiefly fur or chenille. One item ought to be chronicled, viz., unbeaded gimp is much worn upon them, to mark out the seams at the back. The chenille falls in a shower of drops and thick fringe, mixed with beaded drops and gimp. The materials chiefly used are soleil matelassé, brocaded velvet, and satin, massive thick cloth, and plain satin; Spanish lace, plaited, peeps from beneath many of the raiment. Marabout, which is now shaded to all colors required, is also worn, but it is too fragile to bear the wear and tear of hard usage. A novelty is a mantle covered with cloth appliqué. Very large bows of watered ribbon appear generally on the back, and there is ample space for the crinoline; striped plush, watered plush, shot plush, indeed all the new plushes find their way on to mantles. The buttons are large and exceedingly ornamental, generally metal. The linings play a very important part, and are either of Havana satin, or striped plush of the most vivid mingling of color.

In colored goods the cheviots are decidedly the leading fabrics for the present season in street and traveling costumes. These are made with the utmost neatness and simplicity, kilt plaitings and several rows of stitching on the edges of basque, collar, etc., being the only trimming permitted. The basque or polonaise is a close fit, plain coat sleeves, not too tight nor loose, with cuffs; wide collar or standing collar and revers; vest sometimes in plaits from collar to waist, where one or two straps fasten from side seams; overskirt finished with rows of stitching, and skirt kilt plaited from waist, knee, or, if several flounces extend up the front breadth, a plaiting finishes the edge all around, with slightly bouffant drapery at the back. These goods have in some instances stripes from one to two inches wide extending down one side of the double fold of the material, or the striped goods may be obtained separate from the plain and used with it. These stripes are from the brightest to the most subdued colors, and in the kilt plaits are generally placed on the inside, showing the gleam of color as the wearer moves. Sometimes the basque or polonaise is made of the striped material, and the skirt is entirely of plain or vice versa. In fact, individual taste is the only accepted authority this season, following a few general principles as guides. In house dresses still more latitude is allowed, as puffed and plaited waists and sleeves, with skirring on the skirts and skirt trimmings give variety to the costumes. Two dozen fine knife plaited ruffles may be placed up the front of a skirt, or it may be laid in wide double box plaits from belt to edge. Panels at the sides are still seen, and the back breadth is slightly extended by the half-length bustle, small hoopskirts being sometimes worn, but being unmanageable with short and narrow skirts when the wearer is seated, are reserved for trained dresses. Plain skirts of rich material will be worn through the fall, with long habit coats, postillion and plain pointed basques. The skirts of these costumes are sometimes made with quilted linings for warmth and to increase the richness of their appearance.

The gatherings are quite as prominent a feature in the autumn as in the summer dresses, and just at present many of the soft materials are made with gatherings on the hips. Rhadames, the new soft satin just introduced, owes its name to one of the characters in "Aida;" it is richer and more durable than Merveilleux, yet as soft in draping. Nun's cloth costumes are now worn by bridesmaids, but where more expensive dresses are desired Rhadames will be chosen.

Brocades, moires, stripes and plaids will all be worn with an equal share of popular favor. The moire and watered silks having been introduced only last year are the latest candidates for popular favor, but they will not displace the standard favorites, the brocades. An extreme novelty is a large brocade figure on a moire satin ground in solid color. Ombre or shaded effects are beautifully combined with plain stripes in the newest silk and silk and wool materials. Tinsel is seen in a few new goods for basques and dress trimmings, but not for millinery. Plushes reign supreme as a favorite for mixing with either silk, satin, or woolen goods, and will be used on everything from the trimmings of bonnets to that of dresses and underskirts, and also for linings for the handsomest cloaks. Cheviots, cashmeres, serges, chuddahs are to be seen in all the new colorings, the olive tones leading. They will be used in traveling and streets, in combination with plush, satin surah and merveilleux.

Plaids and stripes in new ombre designs and colors are seen in bright, not glaring, and dull tints, the olive tones predominating.

Tinsel and bourette mixtures will enliven the revers, wide collars and cuffs of jaunty outdoor costumes and trim the little satchels or muffs that will be carried for purse and handkerchief. These allow more elaborate trimming than the fine checked, plain or dull plaids in the cheviot suitings.

The winter millinery has many novel features. Feather hats and bonnets are quite new, made entirely of English Impey-pheasant or some other bird's feathers, sometimes with no other trimming whatever.

In bonnets the Princess form, especially in feather bonnets, prevails; in hats the helmet and jockey, and the small close all-round shape. Some of the many plush bonnets have coronets covered with feather lace, which is quite new, the pattern in French black lace being accentuated by stripes of tiny feathers.

Birds are placed on the sides of hats and bonnets, both large and small, and very vivid contrasts are admissible, for example, a small green parrot on a grenat velvet bonnet.

The principal shapes for the fall are the variations of the poke, cottage, Virot, Gainsborough, turbans, and a variety of cap crowns, with square, round, or irregularly-shaped crowns.

Bronze reptiles, especially turtles, are the principal ornaments to be used.

Face trimmings consist of shirred satin, plain bands of deep pile plush and feather trimmings to match that used on the outside.

Strings are much narrower than those of last year, four inches being the usual width. They are almost invariably of double-faced material showing satin and plush, silk and velvet, etc., and in stripes of plain satin or velvet and watered silk. They are either in solid color matching the material of the bonnet and being mixed with it, or are of the same combination of colors as the bonnet. Different tints, not shades, of color are among the new combinations, different browns showing the golden brown, wood brown, red brown and seal—all used together.

Ostrich plumes are still to be worn as trimmings on all kinds of hats, but the flat feathers of a few seasons ago will be revived in ornamenting this season's head coverings.

Fireside Chat.

WORKCASES.

A VERY useful workcase. Cut a piece of material twenty-seven inches wide; turn up six inches at one end after binding the upper edge as directed below. Cut a piece of the stuff four inches long and seven inches wide, and after binding it all round with the ribbon, stitch it neatly to the outside of the pocket already made so as to make a second pocket. Take another piece of material eight inches wide and three inches long, round this to make a flap, bind it, and stitch it above the first pocket, so that it will fold over both pockets and prevent the contents from slipping out. Put a little loop in the centre of the edge of the flap, and a corresponding button in the middle of the smaller pocket.

Now cut two pieces of the stuff three inches square, bind them, and stitch them a little slack, one at each edge of the holland above the lower pockets so as to make two small pockets with a plain piece down the centre between them. Stitch on four more similar pockets in the same way. When this is done, you have a piece of holland with two pockets at one end and six flat pockets, three at each edge above, and a clear space about two inches wide down the middle. Now, to fill up this space, cut a piece of stuff two inches wide and nine inches long, bind it all round, and stitch it down to the centre of the holland with five rows of perpendicular stitching half-an-inch apart. This is to hold silks or darning cotton. Cut the remaining piece of holland round like a flap, and fill it in with leaves of flannel, as in the previous directions. Make two little loops of ribbon, to hold a bodkin, just below the flannel leaves, between them and the runnings for silk. It must now be bound with ribbon.

This completes the lining of the case, and if it is intended for a hard wear, many people do not object to the stitches with which the pockets are put on showing through to the other side as it rolls up into smaller compass. If a smart outside cover is to be added it must be roughly tacked to the lining, and then the two bound together with the same ribbon as the pockets, and strings added to the centre, color of the ribbon to end to tie it up with. This is a very complicated design, but most useful and would form a specially acceptable present to anyone about to start on a long voyage. If the contents are modified a little it would do equally well for a gentleman as for a lady. Various alterations may be made as the work is in progress especially with regard to the shape of the small pockets. Two out of the six may be made more convenient by being made much fuller than those we have described and drawn up with a runner of elastic at the top. Of course, as presents, these cases are of little value unless fully stocked.

Another style of working forms a useful present for ladies who do much knitting or crochet; when complete it has the appearance of two bags united with one hem. It is also a very useful shape for holding odds and ends of wool, scraps of silk and satin, or other trifles of which workers usually have a store. Cut a piece of holland about thirty-two inches long and six inches wide, bind it with ribbon or braid everywhere except at the two ends. At the ends a broad piece of ribbon must be stitched on to form a hem, or else a hem must be made of the material itself about an inch in width. Now turn up nine inches of the material towards the middle so as to form a large pocket, sew it round and do the same to the other end. Now you have a piece of holland with two deep pockets in it, the openings of the pockets being in the centre. Run a double set of strings into the hems to draw up the bags at the top. These bags are excellent for holding soiled linen, or boots and shoes when on a journey, as they pack into very small compass and if made of holland will wash well. Made of a smarter material, such as embroidered oatmeal cloth and trimmed round with lace or fringe, they are very suitable for use as brush and comb-bags.

Another workbag which has the advantage of holding a great deal, is made by neatly covering a round piece of cardboard with silk, then sewing round it a piece of the same material with a hem and strings at the top, the depth required, to make a bag. This shape of bag may be made to contain much more by binding a piece of material half the width, but the same length as the first piece, laying them together, and making rows of stitching in a vertical direction so as to form pockets, and then sewing it to the circle of cardboard. If the cardboard base is objected to in this bag, a circle of silk bound at the edges may be substituted, but the advantage of the stiff one is that it may be used as a pincushion.

Another shape, and one which has the advantage of containing much in small compass, can be made of American leather thus: Cut a piece of the leather the size required, line it and bind it all round. Then cut two round pieces the size of the top of a reel of cotton bind these to, correspond, and sew them at one end of the large piece of leather so that they serve as the sides of a round, bolster-like pocket. This pocket is intended to hold the reels of cotton and a thimble. Two or three smaller pockets and a needle-book may be added in the manner before described to please the individual taste of the worker, but it must be borne in mind that the case is intended to be rolled up, and nothing very stiff can be added.

A little case, very saleable at bazaars, is made by taking three quarters of a yard of dark-colored ribbon about four inches wide, line with thin silk or brown holland, and at one end turn it up so as to form a pocket three inches deep; at the other end let there be a mattress pincushion two inches deep and the same width as the ribbon. On this must be placed a couple of pieces of flannel, button-holed at the edges to hold needles, with small loops underneath on the surface of the cushion through which to pass a bodkin, scissors, or stiletto. Now cut a piece of silk the same breadth as the ribbon, and about fifteen or sixteen inches long, which must be laid upon the housewife and run on, in four divisions, to hold thread. These compartments must be filled with black white cotton, darning cotton and wool, and black sewing silk. In drawing the thread through, let the looped ends be next the pincushion so that the cut ends may be stowed away neatly in the pocket where a few buttons may be placed. Fasten a double string in the centre of the pocket at the edge, and roll up the workcase from the pincushion end.

Correspondence.

T. N., (Seneca, Kans.)—There is no difference as generally understood between one foot square and one square foot.

Fox, (Dubois, Ind.)—The tradition that nothing has grown on the ground where Huss was burned is one that finds many strong adherents even in this day of practical common sense.

SAGG, (Windham, Vt.)—Every navigable stream in the United States is controlled by the Government, and may be used by every citizen alike, without asking the consent of anyone.

N. M. T., (Schuylkill, Pa.)—The phrase "kick the bucket" is derived from the custom of potting pigs that are to be killed on a beam with a pulley. This arrangement is called in places a "bucket." The heads of the creatures are drawn up for killing. Their hind-legs "kick the bucket."

BACKWARD, (St. Charles, Mo.)—The best way for a young lady to overcome blushing is to go frequently into society, and when there to converse freely with anyone she may come in contact with, especially eligible young gentlemen. This will give her confidence in herself, lack of which is the cause of blushing.

JUNIUS, (Knox, Mo.)—The letters signed Junius, were published at intervals from 1769 to 1772, in the *Public Advertiser*, then the most popular newspaper in Great Britain. They were merciless attacks upon all the public characters of the day connected with the government, and did not spare even royalty itself.

WILLIAM R., (New York, N. Y.)—Some young ladies are so bashful by nature as to be unable to look a young gentleman in the eyes; but it is more than likely that the young lady you refer to is in love with you, and ashamed to own it. Test her as a young gentleman should do, and you will find out all about the cause of her drooping her eyes.

UNWORTHY, (Early, Ga.)—The trouble with you is, not that you are too short in stature but too small in your own estimation. You are tall enough to marry any man, and certainly the one five feet eleven inches whom you like so well. You know that the majority of tall men prefer short women for wives, and short men tall ones.

READER, (Gunnison, Col.)—Moving the previous question is an American device for shutting off debate and forcing a vote upon the subject originally under discussion when the debate began. A bare majority can order the previous question, which is not debatable, and then nothing can prevent a vote but the lack of a quorum or a motion to adjourn.

ED SMITH, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—We consider building societies properly conducted, excellent institutions for workingmen. We could not undertake to say which is the best managed society in London. You must find this out for yourself, which you can easily do by making careful inquiries from parties who are already members of such societies.

ALICE, (Monona, Iowa.)—It is not possible to tell what is the medium heighth of young girls at fourteen. At that age many girls have attained their full stature; others, again, do not begin to shoot up until they have reached the age of sixteen, while others grow after they are out out of their teens. But we should say that four feet four inches was short for a girl of fourteen.

ANXIOUS, (St. Cloud, Wis.)—The best way for a young man of twenty-six to find out whether a young lady to whom he has been paying his addresses loves him, is to ask her. Her seeming indifference to your suit may arise from your prolonged indecision, and it is quite possible she may now love another. You have, therefore, no time to lose. Be quick, or another may have her.

ENCKE, (Scott, Ky.)—The average distance of the moon from the earth is 238,813 miles. 2. It is maintained by some astronomers that it has water in the shape of numerous small ponds, which have occasionally been noticed as bright, sparkling points. Shroeter, about 1800, claimed to have discovered indications of vegetation on the surface of the moon, consisting of certain tracts of a greenish tint, which appear and reappear periodically.

ETIQUETTE, (Hennepin, Minn.)—If a lady is sitting when a gentleman is introduced to her it is not incumbent on her to rise. The custom is for her to remain sitting, and by a gracious and friendly manner make the gentleman introduced feel at his ease. The gentleman should, of course, express his pleasure in some proper way for the opportunity of making the lady's acquaintance, but he need not put it in many formal words. In such a case, actions speak louder than words.

GERTIE, (Lawrence, Ill.)—To deceive anybody is wrong, no matter what the temptation may be. Tell the young man that you are engaged to another, but that you have not heard from him for more than a year. If he chooses to continue his attentions, when you have told him this, let him, by all means. Whether you should wait longer or not for your absent lover depends upon the promise you made him when he went away. Your friends will be your safest advisers in such a matter.

LUCY M., (Tucker, W. Va.)—You are quite right in your conjecture. Crying is not now so extensively indulged in at marriages by the female relations and acquaintances of the bride as was once the fashion. It is not good "form" to simper and mingle your tears with those of the bride. You must smile instead, and say all manner of pleasant things to the fortunate young lady. This is a decided improvement, and must prove a great relief to the bridegroom, who, under the old absurd custom, was made to feel as if he were some hard-hearted pirate or buccaneer, who was ruthlessly destroying a happy home.

JESSIE, (Cape May, N. J.)—What is beauty? is a question that has puzzled philosophers of all ages. When the question was put to Socrates, he gave for answer that the matter should be referred to the blind. Bacon held that the highest form of beauty was graceful motion; so did the Arabian philosophers, who maintained that the most beautiful thing in the world was the voluptuous swing of a beautiful woman. Voltaire, Alison, Jeffrey and others, declared that beauty was relative, not a property inherent in any object, and supported their theory with a great many ingenious and plausible arguments. But with all deference to these gentlemen we must say that there are things in nature intrinsically beautiful, as, for example, a clear sky, the pellucid brook, and other objects that might be mentioned. With most women, however, whatever happens to be fashionable is beautiful, and whatever is old-fashioned, ugly. Let men carp and cavil as they will, to all women the heighth of the fashion, whether in bonnets or skirts, bodices or basques, is always beautiful! Why, we cannot tell. This is one of the mysteries.